

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 26, 1890.

MARVELOUS ENDURANCE.—The vast amount of labor performed by the heart in keeping all portions of the body supplied is not generally known. It beats 100,000 times, and forces the blood at the rate of 168 miles a day, which is 3,600,000,000 times and 6,150,380 miles in a life time. No wonder there are so many Heart Failures. The first symptoms are shortness of breath when exercising, pain in the side or stomach, fluttering, choking in throat, oppression, then follow weak, bungry or smothering spells, swollen ankles, etc. Dr. F. Miles' New Heart Cure is the only reliable remedy. Sold by J. W. Dicks.

Burglars made an unsuccessful effort on Friday night to blow open the safe in the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad depot at Anville. Dynamite was used, and the inside of the building was wrecked. The burglars secured nothing but railroad tickets.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.—This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum, and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50c. and \$1 per bottle at Dicks' drug store.

The wife of John Beam, Mitchellville, N. Y., aged 65 years, gave birth to twins Monday evening of last week. Her daughter, Mrs. Stratton, who lives in a neighboring township, presented her husband with twins the same evening.

FIFTY SPASMS A DAY.—Had Mrs. H. A. Gardner, of Vista, Ind., lived two thousand years ago she would have been thought to be possessed by evil spirits. She was subject to nervous prostration, headache, dizziness, backache, palpitation and forty to fifty spasms a day. Though having been treated by eight physicians for years without success, she was permanently cured by one bottle of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. A trial bottle of this new and wonderful medicine, and a finely illustrated treatise free at J. W. Dicks' drug store, who recommends and guarantees it.

Charles Drumm, of Springfield, O., proprietor of a wine house, in a fit of rage, occasioned by jealousy, shot his wife and then with the same weapon ended his own life. Both died instantly.

IS CONSUMPTION INCURABLE.—Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at Dicks' drug store.

Alex Wilcon, a miner of Tower City, was confined to bed for nearly five years by rheumatic fever. This week he resumed work, when a rush of coal caught him, causing his death.

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE IT.—It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil in the house you have a physician always at hand. It kills rheumatism, neuralgia, burns, bruises, and all aches and pains. Price 25 cents.

There are few things in this life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Pan Tina cough and consumption cure has no equal for coughs, colds and consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents, at Barnitz's drug store.

William Shrader, a well known contractor of Allentown, died of blood poisoning from a carbuncle in his neck. A week ago his daughter died, and his wife and son are now very sick.

Boils, pimples, and skin diseases of all kinds speedily disappear when the blood is purified by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has no equal as a tonic alternative, the results being immediate and satisfactory. Ask your druggist for it, and take no other.

It is estimated there will be 65,000,000 bushels of wheat of this year's crop available for export, of which 25,000,000 will be sent from the Atlantic coast.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The son of Mrs. William McConnigan was arrested at Allentown charged with putting poison in his mother's cup of coffee.

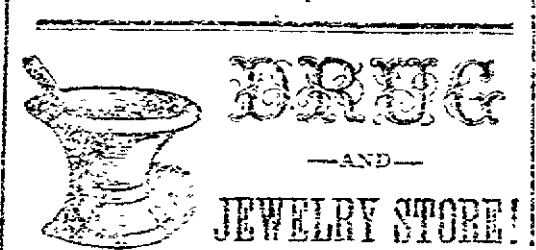
MILES' NERVE & LIVER PILLS.—An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and constipation. Splendid for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest. 30 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at Dicks' drug store.

Typhus fever and dysentery prevail to an alarming extent in East Prussia and Upper Silesia. There have been many deaths caused by the diseases.

Rheumatism is caused by a poisonous acid in the blood and yields to Ayer's Pills. Many cases which seemed chronic and hopeless, have been completely cured by this medicine. It will cost but little to try what effect the Pills may have in your case. We predict success.

Two men, Conrad Hock and Chris Tshenlar, were burned to death in New York, Thursday, and 13 horses also perished in the flames.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The Best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, fetter, salt rheum, fever sores, chapped hands, ulcers, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks.



N. E. Cor. Diamond, New Oxford.

-J. W. DICKS-

—DEALER IN—
Pure Drugs,
Medicines,
Chemicals,
Patent Medicines,
Toilet Articles,
Choice Perfumery,
Fancy Goods,
Fine Stationery,
Notions, &c.,
Cigars & Tobacco,
Choice Wines and Liquors,
for medical use only.

Careful Preparation of Prescriptions our specialty.

Also, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., for sale. Repairing done, and work guaranteed. All goods in either department warranted as represented.

To the General Public!**J. W. Barnitz,**

having purchased the Drug Store from E. G. Cook, respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. An entire new stock of

Drugs, Chemicals, Hair Brushes,
Fancy Articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery,
Dye
Stuffs, &c.,

such as are kept in a first-class drug store. All articles will be sold at reasonable rates.

HERE IS SOMETHING YOU OUGHTN'T TO MISS!

In all our great Clearing Out Sales of our summer stock of Shoes and Slippers, we never put prices down as low as now. So be on hand this week.

Ladies button shoes at \$1, always sold for \$1.60. Ladies fine lace shoes at \$1; you never bought them for less than \$1.35. Ladies fine button shoes at \$1.25, we have only a few pair of them left; they are worth \$2 if they are worth anything. Ladies fine shoes, kid and Dongola, at \$1.50; you would be glad to get them at any other store for \$2.25. Ladies fine shoes at \$1.75 and \$2; they are hand sewed. These shoes we always considered our leaders at \$2.75 and \$3. Look at the reduction. Our \$3.50 hand-sewed shoes at \$2.50. Our \$4.50 hand-sewed shoes at \$3.50, &c.

Misses' heel and spring heel shoes (Hanover make) at \$1; they cost more to make. You may not think this is true. Go and ask at the factory what they cost. Misses fine shoes (same make) at \$1.25. Others will ask you \$1.75 and \$2 for them. Misses hand sewed shoes at \$1.75 and \$2 for them. These shoes are cheap at \$2.50 and \$3. Boys shoes from 90c. up. They have all been reduced from 25 to 33 per ct.

Infants' shoes from 25c. up. Children's spring heel shoes from 40c. up, all Hanover make and are sold for less than they cost to make. They're a job. Ladies fine slippers at 60c., worth \$1. Ladies slippers at 75c., worth \$1.25, and so on up. All are reduced from higher prices. Men's fine shoes at \$1.15, worth \$1.75. Men's fine shoes at \$1.50, worth \$2. Men's fine hand-sewed shoes from \$2 up to \$5, in calf and kangaroo. Every pair warranted. Farmers heavy plow shoes at \$1.

D. MYERS.

At And'w Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand

Broadway, Hanover, Pa.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

Z. H. CASHMAN,
at the Brick Warehouse on Hanover St.,
NEW OXFORD, PA.,
will buy and sell all kinds of
Wheat, Hay Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats,
Potatoes, Bran, Middlings,
Chop, &c.; Also
THE BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR,
Coarse and Fine Salt, &c.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a trial. Free delivery to any part of the town. Free delivery to New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore, returning, leaves Hanover Station every Friday at 10 o'clock, p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE.

The undersigned having purchased the Warehouse recently converted for Grain, Oats, and Potatoes, New Oxford, Pa., will buy all kinds of grain such as
Wheat, Rye, Oats, Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Hay and Straw.

Will also keep on hand and for sale,

FLOUR AND FEEDS, SALT, &c.**LUMBER AND COAL!**

The Lumber and Coal business will be continued as heretofore, with a full stock of all kinds of Lumber and Coal, which will be sold at bottom prices. Thankful for the liberal patronage extended to me in the past, I will endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

A. SHEELY.

THE CELEBRATED

NEW OXFORD ICE CREAM!

The undersigned wishes to announce to the public that he is giving his entire personal attention to the manufacturing of ICE CREAM, having an engine to run his machinery, and with his long and extended experience in the business, is now more fully prepared to furnish

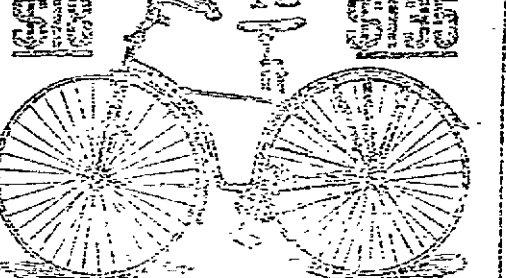
PIC-NICS,**CELEBRATIONS,****RETAILERS, and****FAMILIES**

at the shortest notice with the best of ice cream, well packed in ice. Give him a call before ordering elsewhere and learn his SPECIAL KATES. He returns his thanks to his many patrons and kindly requesting them as well as all others who may become his patrons to return calls and stands as soon as emptied. All Cream guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. BLUE FRONT, on FIRST STREET, near the R. R. Depot, NEW OXFORD, Adams County, Pa.

D. J. A. Melhorn.

27 STYLES

—OF—

BICYCLES**FINEST LINE, LARGEST STOCK**

BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

SEND FOR CATALOGUES OR CALL

AND SEE OUR MACHINES.

AGENTS WANTED in every town where we are not represented.

THE HERBERT TYPEWRITER \$15

EVERYBODY'S TYPEWRITER.

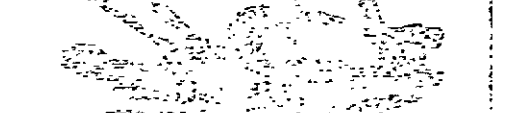
STANDS AS HIGH AS ANY TYPEWRITER.

Does Work Equal to 1000 MACHINES.

Send for Circular. YOU WANT ONE.

STANDARD CYCLE CO.,

588 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

PHELPS PLOWS

Have taken First Prize over all the

LEADING PLOWS

—MANUFACTURED—

WHAT MORE CAN YOU ASK?

Send to us for Prices, Testimonials, and Illustrated Circular.

OUR GANG PLOWS

For FERTILITY OF SPRING, FINEYARD,

AND SMALL FARM CULTURE.

DITCHING and SUB-SOIL PLOWS.

Best, Cheapest, and Most Durable.

Enquire of Dealers, or send to us by Express Purchasing.

SPECIAL DISCOUNTS to farmers where we have no agents.

Phelps Graded Plow Works,

PHELPS, N. Y.

AUCTIONEERING!

GEORGE L. COLESTOCK, offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address, New Oxford, Adams county, Pa.

G. A. KLINGLÉ,

—FASHIONABLE—

BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER

Shampooing and dyeing done in the finest styles. Razors honed and put in order at lowest rates. Saloon next door to the ITEM office Centre Square, NEW OXFORD, PA.

FALL & WINTER GOODS. 1890 FALL & WINTER GOODS.

CARVER & LITTLE,**Merchant Tailors.****Ready-made Clothing****Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Dry Goods, Notions,****Carpets, Feathers, &c., &c.**

We are sole agents for the Mather Kid Gloves, the best-fitting ladies' Gloves made; every pair guaranteed. A case of fine Angora Wool California Blankets; these are the best goods ever shown here. We always have Dr. Warner's celebrated Corsets—Health, Coraline, Flexible, Hip, 4 in hand and Jersey, in colors and white. Special Bargains in all kinds of Dress Goods. A job lot of Lace Curtains, very cheap. We invite all to examine our goods. OUR Merchant Tailoring Department is better stocked than ever. We have the finest line of Suitings and Trouserings ever shown in Hanover. A first-class cutter and good workmen enable us to guarantee a fit in every case. Examine our stock before buying.

C. CARVER & LITTLE,

Cor. Broadway and Fountain Sq., HANOVER, PA.

OUR WORD IS OUR BOND! We Positively Mean What We Say.**Our First Announcement**

of Low Prices in Clothing and Gents' Furnishings by the London Clothing Co., at prices unheard of.

Clothing.—Children's knee pants, 25c. suits, 50c. up; Men's Blue Flannel suits, \$1 up; Black suits, cutaway or sack, \$3.50 up; Fancy Worsteds suits \$1 up. Our motto leader is a fine suit in latest patterns of plaids, with soft lapel, for \$1, well worth \$12. Space permits but these few.

Now are these prices for Gents' Furnishings: Linen collars, 5c. Linen cuffs, 1-ply, 2 pairs 25c. Water-proof collars, 15c. Fashions shirts, 35c. up. The white shirt, best 5-ply, a white shirt in town, 75c. undershirts, the 1-ply, 2-ply, 3-ply, 4-ply, 5-ply, 6-ply, 7-ply, 8-ply, 9-ply, 10-ply, 11-ply, 12-ply, 13-ply, 14-ply, 15-ply, 16-ply, 17-ply, 18-ply, 19-ply, 20-ply, 21-ply, 22-ply, 23-ply, 24-ply, 25-ply, 26-ply, 27-ply, 28-ply, 29-ply, 30-ply, 31-ply, 32-ply, 33-ply, 34-ply, 35-ply, 36-ply, 37-ply, 38-ply, 39-ply, 40-ply, 41-ply, 42-ply, 43-ply, 44-ply, 45-ply, 46-ply, 47-ply, 48-ply, 49-ply, 50-ply, 51-ply, 52-ply, 53-ply, 54-ply, 55-ply, 56-ply, 57-ply, 58-ply, 59-ply, 60-ply, 61-ply, 62-ply, 63-ply, 64-ply, 65-ply, 66-ply, 67-ply, 68-ply, 69-ply, 70-ply, 71-ply, 72-ply, 73-ply, 74-ply, 75-ply, 76-ply, 77-ply, 78-ply, 79-ply, 80-ply, 81-ply, 82-ply, 83-ply, 84-ply, 85-ply, 86-ply, 87-ply, 88-ply, 89-ply, 90-ply, 91-ply, 92-ply, 93-ply, 94-ply, 95-ply, 96-ply, 97-ply, 98-ply, 99-ply, 100-ply, 101-ply, 102-ply, 103-ply, 104-ply, 105-ply, 106-ply, 107-ply, 108-ply, 109-ply, 110-ply, 111-ply, 112-ply, 113-ply, 114-ply, 115-ply, 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New Oxford Item.

H. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

AN INDEPENDENT LOCAL JOURNAL.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Volume XII.

New Oxford, Pa., Friday, Sept. 26, 1890.

Number 11.

When you go to

YORK
don't fail to visit
LINK & BOND'S
MUSIC STORE,
and if you need anything
like a

**Piano,
Organ,
Violin,
Guitar,
Banjo,
Accordeon,
Sheet Music**

—or—
Music Books,
you will find that they will give you
more for your money than you can get
anywhere else, and they will show a
better variety to select from.

Link & Bond,
A few doors East of Court House,
20 East Market street.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. G. R. MARKEL,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Graduate of the Hahnemann Medical College,
of Philadelphia. Will attend promptly to calls
night or day. Consultation in English and
German. Office on E. High St., New Oxford.

DR. T. STRAHAN,
Physician and Surgeon, will attend to profes-
sional calls night or day. Office on Philadel-
phia street, near Centre Square, New Oxford.

DR. I. M. BUSH,
Veterinary Surgeon, graduate of the Chicago
Veterinary College, will visit New Oxford ev-
ery other Thursday, and will treat domestic
animals of all kinds. Calls promptly attended
to. Orders left with G. A. Kline, next door
to Ives office, will receive prompt attention.

J. L. BUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of pa-
per building on Baltimore street. Prompt at-
tention given to settlement of estates of de-
ceased, minors, &c.; also, to conveyance, liens
and collections. 22mar90

J. A. KITZMILLER,
(Successor to H. B. Woods, Esq.) ATTORNEY
AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE, has removed his
office to the second story of Springer's build-
ing, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa., recently
occupied by H. B. Woods, Esq. Will attend to
collections and all other business entrusted to
him.

S. MC. SWOPE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collec-
tions and all legal business promptly attended
to. Office on Baltimore street, opposite the
court house. 17-2-82

REMOVED.

WM. ARCH. MCLEAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
on the first floor in the Schick property, south-
west corner of the Diamond.

G. J. BENNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office
above G. W. Springer's store, southeast corner
of Square. 7nov81

CHAS. S. DUNCAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Will
continue the practice of law at the office of his
father, the late W. A. Duncan, on Baltimore
street. All legal business entrusted to him
will receive prompt attention. 5mar85

JOHN M. KRAUTH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collec-
tions and all legal business promptly attended
to. Office on Baltimore street, south of Court
House. 12lees5

LAW, LOAN & REAL ESTATE
OFFICE.—In connection with law practice,
will do Real Estate and Loan business. Sale
books are opened to all desiring to sell or buy
Real Estate, without charge for reference. Both
parties desiring to make and parties desiring
to obtain loans will receive attention on ap-
plication to D. MC DONOUGH, Attorney,
17 Chambersburg St., Gettysburg, Pa.

WM. P. QUIMBY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams co., Pa.
Office with Hon. David Wells, southeast corner
of the Diamond. 12sep80

D. J. A. MELHORN,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, New Oxford, Pa. Of-
fice on Main street, (Blue front) next the R. R.
depot. Special attention given to the writing
of deeds, bonds, mortgages and other legal
documents. All claims and legal business promp-
tly and fairly attended to. Legal advice cheer-
fully given.

We do all kinds of

Job-Printing

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right
course, need be long afflicted with boils, car-
buncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions.
These are the results of Nature's ef-
forts to expel poisonous and effete matter
from the blood, and show plainly that the
system is ridding itself through the skin of
impurities which it was the legitimate work
of the liver and kidneys to remove. To re-
store these organs to their proper functions,
Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required.
That no other blood-purifier can compare
with it, thousands testify who have gained

Freedom

from the tyranny of depraved blood by the
use of this medicine.

"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin
disease that did not yield to any remedy
until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsa-
parilla. With the use of this medicine the
complaint disappeared. It is my belief that
no other blood medicine could have effected
so rapid and complete a cure."—Audrea
D. Garella, C. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico.
"My face, for years, was covered with pim-
ples and humors, for which I could find no
remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsapa-
rilla. Three bottles of this great blood me-
dicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently
recommend it to all suffering from similar
troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists. \$1, six \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

HOTELS, &C.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford,
George Sunday,
Proprietor. House thoroughly refitted and re-
furnished. The bar stocked with choice wines,
liquors and cigars, while the table will be sup-
plied with the choicest delicacies the market af-
fords. Ample stabling. 24jan90.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Littlestown,
J. W. Harpel,
Proprietor.—Having recently remodeled and re-
fitted the above well-known hotel, I will be
pleased to accommodate the traveling public,
and my friends in general. Bar supplied with the
choicest liquors, wines, beer, &c. Table sup-
plied with all the luxuries of the season. Ample
stabling attached. 1aug90

EUROPEAN HOTEL, Littlestown,
Geo. B. Yantis,
Proprietor.—Furnished new throughout. First-
class in all its appointments. Large stabling.

NATIONAL HOTEL, Littlestown,
J. H. Wiest,
Agent.—Good accommodations, moderate charges.
Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors
and cigars. A large, well-fitted sample room.
First-class Billiard and Pool Tables. Extensive
stabling and shedding attached. AT THE RAIL
ROAD.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Hanover,
D. C. Fleming,
Proprietor, (formerly of the City Hotel, York.)
Free bus; steam heat; good stable accommo-
dations. mar. 28.

GLOBE HOTEL, Gettysburg,
Wm. Reigart,
Proprietor, (successor to F. S. Rumer).—Good ac-
commodations at moderate charges. Good sam-
ple room, back to and from all depots and first-
class ferry attached to hotel. Having recently
refitted and remodelled the above well-known
hotel, I will be pleased to accommodate the travel-
ing public in general.

NATIONAL HOUSE, East Berlin,
Wm. Sunday, Proprietor.
Permanent and transient boarding at reasonable
rates. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors
and cigars. Extensive stabling and an attentive
hostler. 22aug90.

WEAVER & LINCO,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Threshing Machines, Horse Powers, and Farm
Machinery generally. Agents for Whiteley
Binder and Mower, and Farming Im-
plements of every description.

Having purchased the well-known Foundry
and Machine Shops of Diehl & Co., the sub-
scribers are prepared to build Threshers!
Horse Powers, and Farm Ma-
chinery generally. They have all the latest
patterns and are prepared to build new ma-
chines and repair Traction Engines and Sepa-
rators and Machinery of all kinds, or furnish
castings for same, at short notice.
Mill Work by experienced workmen. Pul-
verizing, Shelling, and Hauling to
order. Castings to order at the lowest market
prices. General machine repairing promptly
done at moderate charges. Satisfaction always
guaranteed. Stoves, Grates, Cellar
Grates, Sash Weights, Kettles, Hog
Troughs, repairs for all kinds of Pumps, and a
large lot of Machine Castings always in stock
for sale. Horse Shoeing promptly at-
tended to. Shops on Hanover St., New Oxford, Pa.

**E. G. LOUGH'S
MARBLE YARD**
opposite the Reformed church,
New Oxford, - Penn'a.

All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap
as the cheapest, in the latest styles and of the
best material. Monuments made a specialty.
Persons wishing anything in his line are in-
vited to call and examine his samples before pur-
chasing elsewhere. 26april90.

Herbert Glatfelter, aged 19, was at-
tacked by a vicious bull on a farm near
Camp Hill, near Harrisburg, Thurs-
day, and narrowly escaped with his
life. He was about placing a chain
about the bull's neck in the stall of
the barn when the animal turned upon
him, and catching him upon the horns,
threw the young man into a trough in
in the rear of the stall.

This proved fortunate for Glatfelter,
as the bull could not gore him in this
position. The animal then attacked
him with both feet, and trampled him
until his clothing was torn into shreds.
Glatfelter tried to get a knife out of
his pocket, but was unable to do so.
As a last resort, by almost superhuman
effort, he succeeded in getting out of
the trough and jumped upon the bull's
back, and the animal dashed at full
speed for the open door.

At the door Glatfelter jumped from
the animal and seized a manure fork.
The bull again turned upon him, but,
seeing the fork, ran, and the young
man with all his remaining strength
threw the fork after him, which lodg-
ed in his hind quarter and he carried
it in this way for fully one hundred
feet. Meanwhile the young farmer,
almost exhausted and ready to fall,
staggered out of the barnyard and
reached the house. He is seriously
hurt but may recover.

An accident occurred on the Read-
ing Railroad Friday evening, a passen-
ger train being thrown into the river
near Shoemakersville. The engineer,
fireman, baggage-master and eighteen
or more passengers were killed and
twenty-five were injured. The persons
injured in the wreck were transferred
to the Reading Hospital and were tak-
en to their homes as rapidly as their
condition would permit—and Sunday
evening there were only six remaining
in the institution. The scene of the
wreck was visited by thousands of cu-
riosity seekers. The damage to the
track has all been repaired and trains
are running as usual. Two curiosity
seekers were run over. One was killed
and the other is fatally injured. The
coroner began an inquest Monday.

W. A. Collins, of Hagerstown, Md.,
while enroute from his home to Seattle,
Washington, on the Milwaukee & St.
Paul train, last Tuesday night fell off
a sleeping car one mile north of the
Western Union Junction and fractured
his skull, broke his nose and injured
himself internally. There are but
slight chances for his recovery.

Mr. Collins was for many years one
of the proprietors of the Pittsburg
Chronicle and later editor of the Chron-
icle-Telegraph. He is a man of bril-
liant attainments and was recognized
as one of the best editorial writers in
that section.

A collision between a Burlington
suburban train and an Illinois Central
excursion train at Eighteenth street and
Kedgie avenue, Chicago, Sunday night
resulted in the death of five people and
the serious injury of a dozen others.
During the day the Illinois
Central Road had an excursion to the
end of their line, the Orphan Asylum
at Addison, Ill., and it was this train
which, while blocked in the outskirts
of the city and waiting to be released,
was crashed into by the Chicago, Bar-
lington & Quincy suburban.

A GREAT BATTLE is constantly go-
ing on in the human system when you
suffer with consumption, cough or colds;
they strive to ruin health and drag vic-
tims to the grave. Take timely warn-
ing and use Pan-Tina cough and con-
sumption cure. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator is a sure
cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, heart-
burn, indigestion and all kidney com-
plaints. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's
drug store.

The board of managers of the Phila-
delphia and Reading Railroad Co. have
decided to increase the salary of Presi-
dent and General Manager A. A. Mc-
Leod to \$40,000. This is said to be
the largest paid to a railway official in
the United States with the exception of
Chauncey M. Depew, of the New York
Central, who gets \$50,000.

The example of the Reading Judge
who refused naturalization papers to an
Austrian, who though a resident of this
country for eight years, did not know
whether the government was a mon-
archy or a republic, ought to be follow-
ed in all the courts. A man who does
not know whether a king, queen or a
president is at the head of our affairs,
and who does not know even the name
of the Governor of the State, is certain-
ly not fit to become a citizen and voter.
Too many such people are naturalized
as it is, especially in New York city,
where aliens who are barely familiar
with the language are made citizens in
droves for election purposes. Every
man applying for citizenship should be
required to intelligently answer ques-
tions regarding our methods of govern-
ment, and prove his fitness by other
qualifications than mere residence.

Joe Howard, the great New York
journalist and philosopher, recently wrote
the following words of truth: "How lit-
tle the boys, or even men, of to-day
know of the great figures of 1861 and
1865. Two millions and three-quar-
ters of another million of soldiers were
called out. Nearly 6,000 officers and
over 90,000 soldiers were killed in ab-
solute battle, while 2,400 officers and
183,000 soldiers died from diseases or
accident. For what did these men
fight? What did they get? In what es-
timation are they held to day by a gen-
eration that really knows no more about
the Civil War of 1861 and 1865 than
of the war of 1812, or that of the Rev-
olution itself?"

Few well authenticated cases of ex-
treme old age are found that compare
with that of Mother Bennett, who lives
near Greenville, Alabama, and whose
age, by that best of witnesses, the family
Bible, is 115 years. She did not unite
with any church until in her 112th year,
and was then immersed according to
Baptist rites by a young minister scarce-
ly 22 years of age. Still vigorous in
mind and body she resides with one of
her grandchildren, and two Sundays in
every month walks three miles to church,
following the hymns without the aid of
glasses.

This country has but about one-
twentieth of the world's population,
but it consumes 28 per cent. of the
world's crop of sugar, 30 per cent. of
the world's production of coffee, nearly
one-third of the world's production of
iron, about one-third of the world's
steel and copper, more than a quarter
of the world's cotton and wool, a third
of the India rubber of the world and
more than half of the world's supply of
tin and 40 percent of all the coal from
the world's mines.

The steamer Rio Janeiro arrived at
San Francisco last week from Hong
Kong and Yokohama. She brings ad-
vices from China to Aug. 21 and Jap-
anese advices to Aug. 29. The yellow
River flood and other floods continue
to absorb the attention in China. In
the province of Chihli four million of
people are homeless, and the misery in
Shantung is almost as great. The
cholera is prevalent in Shanghai and
also in the northern districts. Several
Europeans have succumbed to it.

At Portsmouth, N. H., Frederick H.
J. Hein, a cooper aged 40 years, on
Wednesday killed his two daughters and
himself, and seriously wounded another
daughter and Chas. W. Taylor, aged
35 years, a well-known hardware mer-
chant, whose name had been connect-
ed with that of the murderer's wife.
Hein had been separated from his wife,
and determined to kill the entire fam-
ily, the daughters being the subject of
gossip. If the murderer had not killed
himself he would have been lynched.

Mrs. Lena Smith, of Columbus, O.,
whose 16-year-old son was lately hang-
ed, has gone crazy. On the night of
the execution she wrote to the Govern-
or: "Curse you, his murderers, and
their descendants; may his shadow
haunt you to the hour of your death!
May all the tortures plague you which
I have suffered all this time! This is
my wish."

A strange phenomenon happened
near Becketts Knob, Monroe county,
last week, which rivals the Waldron,
Indiana, natural gas explosion. Two
women were engaged at washing clothes
near a spring on the farm of James
Fish. Suddenly an explosion took
place and the earth for several miles
around was shaken by its force. A se-
ries of minor explosions then occurred
which rent the earth into deep chasms.
Huge limestone rocks were hurled
through the air for a consid-
erable distance. The women
were thrown to the ground by the
shock, but beyond a few slight bruises
they escaped uninjured. The explosion
was caused by natural gas which caught
fire from the burning wood beneath
the boiling kettles flamed up, reaching
a tremendous height, leaping from the
chasm in the earth. The presence of
natural gas was never suspected in that
locality although canal coal is very
abundant. The flames have subsided,
but the people have not yet recovered
from their superstitious fear.

Forty persons were poisoned at a
marriage feast near Monongahela City,
last Monday and not until Friday was
the last of the forty unfortunates pro-
nounced out of danger. W. G. Ber-
ryhill and Miss Margery McCarroll and
the bride's father set out a feast for
their friends in which canned fruit
played a prominent part. There are
only two physicians in the neigh-
borhood and as the two score guests all
became sick at the same time with
symptoms of acid poisoning the trou-
ble was traced to the canned fruit.
Many of cases were serious, including
the erstwhile happy pair, but all are
now fairly recovered.

Miss May Conyngham of Stockton,
Pa., was married on Monday last to
Adolf Retsof, a young Russian. The
attentions of the young foreigner were
opposed by the girl's father. By a
preconcerted arrangement with her
lover she feigned sickness, and as an
invalid was given a daily drive in the
mountains. Her improvements was at
once noticeable, and daily drives con-
tinued up till Monday last, when a new
driver, who proved to be Adolph,
handled the reins. The pair drove to
Hazleton, where they were married,
and quietly left on a bridal tour. It
now transpires that the indisposition
of Miss Conyngham was induced by
quinine and other drugs.

Emily Rossi, 19 years of age, com-
mitted suicide by shooting herself in
the breast with a 32-calibre revolver in
her room at No. 140 Canal street, N.
Y. Immediately the report of the girl's
pistol was heard, Gustave C. Koch,
who stood on the elevated railroad
platform almost under her room win-
dow, sent a bullet through his head.
Both are Germans, and it looks as if
the had agreed to die at or near the
same moment.

O. L. Owens, a merchant of Manila,
arrived at San Francisco last week. He
says a terrible massacre occurred on
August 10 in the town of Pomape, in
the Caroline Islands. The Spanish
soldiers were building a fortress on one
side of the town and left in the fort a
number of rifles. On August 8th the
natives overpowered the guard, seized
the guns and attacked the town, kill-
ing thirty-two Spaniards. Several
Spanish men-of-war were sent from
Manilla to quell the disturbance.

The shipment of potatoes from north-
ern townships of Berks and Lehigh
counties has been resumed, and during
the past three days the consignment
to Philadelphia and New York have
been unusually heavy. The crop is
very large and no further danger of
the potatoes rotting is feared.

A London dispatch says: Advice
from Hiogo state that the Turkish man-
of-war Ertogroul has foundered at sea
and that five hundred of her crew were
drowned.

A woman at Hagerstown, Md., has
a goose which came into her possession
when she was married, twenty-one
years ago. The fowl is in good health.

Life hath a fair and sunshine face,
But love is a beauty that gives it grace,
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
The sweetest cheeks are paled with sorrow,
And blush to-day may be blanched to-mor-
row;
Then heedless ever of wind and weather,
Let life and love be linked together.

turning to the ticker and looking at the quotations)—"My dear sir, that's just what I am doing."—*Texas Siftings.*

These desirable articles are presented by the Emin Pasha Relief Committee to "Henry M. Stanley, on his wedding day, July 12, 1890, in commemoration of duty nobly done and a great enterprise splendidly achieved in Darkest Africa."
—*Fall Mall Budget.*

The fastest thing on earth for a mile is a crack thoroughbred horse—remember we are not now speaking of birds of the air, but only of beasts of the field, and the thoroughbred race horse in his best state can outrun any antelope, deer or wild creature that puts its feet to the ground.—*New York Tribune.*

Dr. Gideon E. Moore, the noted Analytical Chemist, of New York City says: "A pure Cream of Tartar and Bi. Carb. Soda Baking Powder." One of the purest and strongest Baking Powders in the market."

HENKEL BROS., Paterson, N.J.

or druggist please address a postal to
U. S. Agency.
BUTLER, BREED & CO., Boston, Mass.

Directly to the manufacturers,
The New Jersey Wire Cloth Co., *Trenton, N. J.*

Read Cold Facts!

WORKING IN

Chas. B. Smith, Wholesale Druggists, 263 & 265 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

MINIMIZES DANGER TO MOTHER AND CHILD
LOOK "MOTHERS" MAILED FILE
RADEFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA

SANDERS & STAYMAN.
13 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.
934 F St., Washington, D. C.
1217 Main St., Richmond, Va.

Delightful to use, fragrant and effective. Made in wintergreen and desirable flavors. The latest, the best, the most popular. Apply to your druggist or send 10c. for sample cake.

IMPERIAL COUCH,
The **BEAU IDEAL** of a Couch.
Packed for Shipping to all parts of U. S.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List

SENECA PAINT & COLOR CO., LD.
SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

Patented in
U. S. and Foreign Countries.

and
Washington
Sts.,
Boston, Mass.



FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS,

293 and 295 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

ENEMIES OF THE POTATO.

One could almost say that man is one of the worst enemies of the potato, if we may judge from the manner in which he sometimes neglects one of his best of vegetable friends. While it requires a warm, rich soil, he gives it a water-soaked clay bed, and when the feeble plants come to the surface no encouragement is given them to struggle against the weeds that threaten to choke out the last spark of life.

Many insects prey upon the narcotic herbage of the potato, the most destructive of which is the Colorado beetle. But with this well under subjection by a fully understood plan of applying London purple or Paris green, there remains now only to develop the methods of overcoming the blights and rots, the worst of which is the so-called well rot. This is due to the growth of a low form of vegetation closely related to the mildew of the grape. It first appears on the leaves as frosty patches, and from there it grows down the stems, and finally its slender threads reach the tubers, causing them to rot.

From the fact that the leaves are first attacked, and the rot works down the stems to the potatoes, it is evident that when the leaves and stems are dying prematurely the tubers should be dug at once. Let the potatoes dry thoroughly in the field after digging, and store only the sound ones in a dry place with a good circulation of air. Avoid a damp, poorly ventilated room. The vines and all decayed tubers left in the field should be burned.

As preventive measures at planting time it may be suggested that a second crop should not be grown where the previous crop failed from the rot. The seed should be free from the trouble, and therefore only sound potatoes are suitable for planting. Early varieties, planted early, are most apt to escape, for the rot does not get started usually until midsummer. Experience has demonstrated that it is best to hill the potatoes somewhat at the plowing, as many germs of the disease fall from the leaves and are washed down to the tubers with the rains.—*American Agriculturist*.

BREAKING A COLT TO THE CARS.

One morning last spring a traveler approaching a country railway station noticed a man holding a young horse some twenty rods distant from the track, upon which a train was then standing. The man's left hand grasped a strong leather halter at the point where it is fastened to the leading line, while his right hand held firm hold of a heavy strap buckled loosely about the horse's throat. The man, who was speaking to the horse in a low voice, presently began moving with him over the open space toward the locomotive, which thus far was perfectly silent. The horse's open nostrils and erect ears showed him to be somewhat excited at the strange apparition, but he evidently felt assurance in his keeper, by whose side he had moved with short and nervous step over perhaps half the distance between himself and the train when the locomotive suddenly let off steam.

The terrified creature turned like a flash, and in so doing for an instant swung the man's feet clean off the ground! But before the horse made the first spring in the opposite direction the man's feet were again on solid earth and he lost hold with neither hand, although the horse dragged him beyond the place of starting before he could be stopped. Casting his eyes around at the still hissing locomotive the horse again sprang forward, but could no more free himself from the man's hold than a rat could escape from the teeth of a terrier. After a few more futile attempts the horse again turned around, and this time found himself able to endure the sight of a locomotive. Thus he stood for perhaps two minutes with staring eyes and quivering muscles. After a little the steam was shut off, when the man loosed his hand from the strap around the horse's throat and with it began stroking his neck, still speaking to him in the same low-toned voice.

Soon the horse became quite composed, whereupon the man, again grasping the throat strap with his right hand, urged him toward the train as before. With many stops and snorts of inquiry the horse permitted himself to be led again toward the locomotive, which, when he was about the same distance from it as the other time, burst forth into a second hissing, quite as loud as was the first. Again was repeated the scene already described, but the horse did not drag the man so far as before, nor did he require so long a time in which to be quieted. The steam shut off again, and the man and horse once more approached the train, which now moved away from the station. The last glimpse of them showed the horse watching the now accustomed terror and the man by his side still grasping the head of the leading line and stroking the horse's neck—a beautiful and expressive illustration of the power over an intelligent animal of man's courage, kindness and patience.—*New England Farmer*.

DOES FRUIT-GROWING PAY?

Fruit-growing as a whole is, without doubt, a profitable occupation; yet the majority of farmers who engage in it are probably disappointed because their expectations have been placed so high that the result must necessarily fall below their hopes. Estimates for future profits are often based upon prices received in

the home market for fruits brought from a distance. Especially is this true regarding small fruits. The grower naturally reasons that his home grown fruit will go into the market in so much better condition than that which is shipped from a distance that it will bring quite as good a price, even if somewhat later in season. But by the time his plants are grown and the fruit is ready for market the condition may have changed. Some other grower, not so very far away, may have found the excellent opening offered by the same market, and is there as a competitor. His neighbors have been inspired by the same idea at about the same time, and are hardly a season behind him with their products. Or his first crops, owing to imperfect methods of cultivation and handling, knowledge of which can only be obtained by experience, have failed to come up to the high standard of his hopes. These drawbacks may lead him to the conclusion, if he is a man easily discouraged, that fruit-growing is not profitable. Yet, with all these discouragements, it is strongly probable that his trial acre of strawberries, or currants, or blackberries has paid a better net profit than any possible acre of wheat, or corn, or meadow. If the acre of fruit has not made a fortune, it has at least indicated the road to a better income. If the crop was strawberries, the experience gained will enable one to duplicate it to better advantage, with a better knowledge of the most desirable varieties for his locality. Then another acre may be put in raspberries and blackberries, which will follow the strawberries in the season of harvesting and marketing. One each may be put in currants and gooseberries, which among small fruits best bear shipping, and will enable the cultivator to test the value of other markets after the home trade has been supplied. Plums, cherries, peaches, etc., will follow in their natural order, until the fruit farm, large or small, becomes an accomplished fact, and then, if it is managed as a systematic business, it will be strange indeed if it does not yield a handsome return for the capital and labor invested.

Fruit is every year becoming more plentiful in our markets, and the increased consumption keeps pace with the supply. If this condition forbids great profits to the individual specialist in fruit culture, it improves the chances for the best interest of agriculture at large. It is better that many should be able to acquire a competence than that one shall make a fortune, and it is one of the benign influences of our progressive agriculture that we can put within the reach of all classes the most wholesome of foods. Fruits which were once known only as delicacies by the masses are now upon their tables daily in their respective seasons.

As our population increases, farmers all through the great eastern and middle sections of the country cultivate mainly the smaller and more delicate products of the soil. The orchard, the garden, and the dairy will take the place of grain fields; and the farmer who plans to follow this line, content with moderate returns, will not be the one to exclaim that fruit-growing is unprofitable.—*American Agriculturist*.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The best fed fruit tree is the last one attacked by insects.

It is cheaper to haul than to drive the fat hogs to the railway station.

Frost is blamed for killing many an orchard tree that is starved to death.

It is economy to dispense with fences as much as possible, and it is convenient.

The roads of a neighborhood are a strong indication of the character of its inhabitants.

There is nothing so easy to grow in this world as weeds, and nothing else is so profitless.

The farm may not yield big profits, but is there any other calling so sure to gain a man a living?

The secrets of large yields always and everywhere are rich soil, good seed and thorough tillage.

Clover and oat straw fed together furnish more nutriment, pound for pound, than timothy hay.

A trotting match between the cows and the dog may be interesting, but it does not make butter.

You are under no obligation to loan to the person that does not promptly return articles in good order.

Save up all the manure you can and spread it on your land next fall and plow it under lightly.

We want to get rid of scrub land and scrub farming, as well as of scrub stock. Grade up all along the line!

Mr. W. H. Gilbert, a New York dairy expert, says "the man who takes care of the cows makes the butter."

A score of farmers fail because they try to do something other than farming, where one fails by sticking to farming.

If your horses shrink from you, when you enter their stalls, do some detective work on your hired help, or—yourself.

Shelter your wagons, plows and other implements from the sun as well as from the rain. One is about as destructive as the other.

Get a stencil and put your name on your larger farming implements, sacks, etc. Get a die, and stamp your name on smaller implements.

Reset and repair your fences during the interval between laying by and harvesting the crops. Make the fence straighter, build it up higher and be sure to stop all the big cracks.

It Expressed the Popular Idea.

Aesthetic gentleman—I presume you strive to make each article suggestive of its use in both form and decoration? Silversmith—That is our constant aim.

Aesthetic gentleman—Then why don't you decorate your cream pitchers with pastoral scenes, instead of the allegory of the old oaken bucket?

Silversmith—The latter is more thoroughly in accord with the prevailing idea.

A Good Reason.

"Say, chum, would you mind lending me your dress suit this evening? I've an invitation to a wedding."

"What's the matter with wearing your own?"

"Well, you see, old man, I was out calling on my girl last night, and her father's dog borrowed the basement of my pants."

THE word offering is like a matrimonial engagement. It begins with an offer and ends with a ring.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

The Empress Frederick has collected \$126,000 for the new children's hospital at Berlin.

Why not save your clothes, by using the best, purest, most economical soap, Dobbin's Electric. Made ever since 1864. Try it once you will use it always. Your grocer keeps it or will get it. Look for the name, Dobbin's.

"Judge S. N. Jones & Wife, attorneys," is a legal shingle in Lansing, Mich.

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Mich., writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Henri Rochefort runs his paper in Paris by telegraph from London.

It was Ben Johnson, we believe, who, when asked Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" replied "That depends on the liver." And Ben Johnson doubtless saw the double point to the pun.

The liver active—quick—life rosy, everything bright, mountains of trouble melt like mountains of snow.

The liver sluggish—life dull, everything blue, molehills of worry rise into mountains of anxiety, and as a result—sick headache, dizziness, constipation.

Two ways are open. Cure permanently, or relieve temporarily. Take a pill and suffer, or take a pill and get well. Shock the system by an overdose, or coax it by a mild, pleasant way.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the mild means. They work effectively, without pain, and leave the system strong. One, little, sugar-coated pellet is enough, although a whole vial costs but 25 cents.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Only 50 cents.

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THE FARM AND GARDEN.

ENEMIES OF THE POTATO.

One could almost say that man is one of the worst enemies of the potato, if we may judge from the manner in which he sometimes neglects one of his best of vegetable friends. While it requires a warm, rich soil, he gives it a water-soaked clay bed, and when the feeble plants come to the surface no encouragement is given them to struggle against the weeds that threaten to choke out the last spark of life.

Many insects prey upon the narcotic herbage of the potato, the most destructive of which is the Colorado beetle. But with this well under subjection by a fully understood plan of applying London purple or Paris green, there remains now only to develop the methods of overcoming the blights and rots, the worst of which is the so-called well rot. This is due to the growth of a low form of vegetation closely related to the mildew of the grape. It first appears on the leaves as frosty patches, and from there it grows down the stems, and finally its slender threads reach the tubers, causing them to rot.

From the fact that the leaves are first attacked, and the rot works down the stems to the potatoes, it is evident that when the leaves and stems are dying prematurely the tubers should be dug at once. Let the potatoes dry thoroughly in the field after digging, and store only the sound ones in a dry place with a good circulation of air. Avoid a damp, poorly ventilated room. The vines and all decayed tubers left in the field should be burned.

As preventive measures at planting time it may be suggested that a second crop should not be grown where the previous crop failed from the rot. The seed should be free from the trouble, and therefore only sound potatoes are suitable for planting. Early varieties, planted early, are most apt to escape, for the rot does not get started usually until midsummer. Experience has demonstrated that it is best to hill the potatoes somewhat at the plowing, as many germs of the disease fall from the leaves and are washed down to the tubers with the rains.—*American Agriculturist.*

BREAKING A COLT TO THE CARS.

One morning last spring a traveler approaching a country railway station noticed a man holding a young horse some twenty rods distant from the track, upon which a train was then standing. The man's left hand grasped a strong leather halter at the point where it is fastened to the leading line, while his right hand held firm hold of a heavy strap buckled loosely about the horse's throat. The man, who was speaking to the horse in a low voice, presently began moving with him over the open space toward the locomotive, which thus far was perfectly silent. The horse's open nostrils and erect ears showed him to be somewhat excited at the strange apparition, but he evidently felt assurance in his keeper, by whose side he had moved with short and nervous step over perhaps half the distance between himself and the train when the locomotive suddenly let off steam.

The terrified creature turned like a flash, and in so doing for an instant swung the man's feet clean off the ground! But before the horse made the first spring in the opposite direction the man's feet were again on solid earth and he lost hold with neither hand, although the horse dragged him beyond the place of starting before he could be stopped. Casting his eyes around at the still hissing locomotive the horse again sprung forward, but could no more free himself from the man's hold than a rat could escape from the teeth of a terrier. After a few more futile attempts the horse again turned around, and this time found himself able to endure the sight of a locomotive. Thus he stood for perhaps two minutes with staring eyes and quivering muscles. After a little the steam was shut off, when the man loosed his hand from the strap around the horse's throat and with it began stroking his neck, still speaking to him in the same low-toned voice.

Soon the horse became quite composed, whereupon the man, again grasping the throat strap with his right hand, urged him toward the train as before. With many stops and snorts of inquiry the horse permitted himself to be led again toward the locomotive, which, when he was about the same distance from it as the other time, burst forth into a second hissing, quite as loud as was the first. Again was repeated the scene already described, but the horse did not drag the man so far as before, nor did he require so long a time in which to be quieted. The steam shut off again, and the man and horse once more approached the train, which now moved away from the station. The last glimpse of them showed the horse watching the now accustomed terror and the man by his side still grasping the head of the leading line and stroking the horse's neck—a beautiful and expressive illustration of the power over an intelligent animal of man's courage, kindness and patience.—*New England Farmer.*

DOES FRUIT-GROWING PAY?

Fruit-growing as a whole is, without doubt, a profitable occupation; yet the majority of farmers who engage in it are probably disappointed because their expectations have been placed so high that the result must necessarily fall below their hopes. Estimates for future profits are often based upon prices received in

the home market for fruits brought from a distance. Especially is this true regarding small fruits. The grower naturally reasons that his home grown fruit will go into the market in so much better condition than that which is shipped from a distance that it will bring quite as good a price, even if somewhat later in season. But by the time his plants are grown and the fruit is ready for market the condition may have changed. Some other grower, not so very far away, may have found the excellent opening offered by the same market, and is there as a competitor. His neighbors have been inspired by the same idea at about the same time, and are hardly a season behind him with their products. Or his first crops, owing to imperfect methods of cultivation and handling, knowledge of which can only be obtained by experience, have failed to come up to the high standard of his hopes. These drawbacks may lead him to the conclusion, if he is a man easily discouraged, that fruit-growing is not profitable. Yet, with all these discouragements, it is strongly probable that his trial acre of strawberries, or currants, or blackberries has paid a better net profit than any possible acre of wheat, or corn, or meadow. If the acre of fruit has not made a fortune, it has at least indicated the road to a better income. If the crop was strawberries, the experience gained will enable one to duplicate it to better advantage, with a better knowledge of the most desirable varieties for his locality. Then another acre may be put in raspberries and blackberries, which will follow the strawberries in the season of harvesting and marketing. One each may be put in currants and gooseberries, which among small fruits best bear shipping, and will enable the cultivator to test the value of other markets after the home trade has been supplied. Plums, cherries, peaches, etc., will follow in their natural order, until the fruit farm, large or small, becomes an accomplished fact, and then, if it is managed as a systematic business, it will be strange indeed if it does not yield a handsome return for the capital and labor invested.

Fruit is every year becoming more plentiful in our markets, and the increased consumption keeps pace with the supply. If this condition forbids great profits to the individual specialist in fruit culture, it improves the chances for the best interest of agriculture at large. It is better that many should be able to acquire a competence than that one shall make a fortune, and it is one of the benign influences of our progressive agriculture that we can put within the reach of all classes the most wholesome of foods. Fruits which were once known only as delicacies by the masses are now upon their tables daily in their respective seasons.

As our population increases, farmers all through the great eastern and middle sections of the country cultivate mainly the smaller and more delicate products of the soil. The orchard, the garden, and the dairy will take the place of grain fields; and the farmer who plans to follow this line, content with moderate returns, will not be the one to exclaim that fruit-growing is unprofitable.—*American Agriculturist.*

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The best fed fruit tree is the last one attacked by insects.

It is cheaper to haul than to drive the fat hogs to the railway station.

Frost is blamed for killing many an orchard tree that is starved to death.

It is economy to dispense with fences as much as possible, and it is convenient.

The roads of a neighborhood are a strong indication of the character of its inhabitants.

There is nothing so easy to grow in this world as weeds, and nothing else is so profitable.

The farm may not yield big profits, but is there any other calling so sure to gain a man a living?

The secrets of large yields always and everywhere are rich soil, good seed and thorough tillage.

Clover and oat straw fed together furnish more nutriment, pound for pound, than timothy hay.

A trotting match between the cows and the dog may be interesting, but it does not make butter.

You are under no obligation to loan to the person that does not promptly return articles in good order.

Save up all the manure you can and spread it on your land next fall and plow it under lightly.

We want to get rid of scrub land and scrub farming, as well as of scrub stock. Grade up all along the line!

Mr. W. H. Gilbert, a New York dairy expert, says "the man who takes care of the cows makes the butter."

A score of farmers fail because they try to do something other than farming, where one fails by sticking to farming.

If your horses shrink from you, when you enter their stalls, do some detective work on your hired help, or—yourself.

Shelter your wagons, plows and other implements from the sun as well as from the rain. One is about as destructive as the other.

Get a stencil and put your name on your larger farming implements, sacks, etc. Get a die, and stamp your name on smaller implements.

Reset and repair your fences during the interval between laying by and harvesting the crops. Make the fence straighter, build it up higher and be sure to stop all the big cracks.

It Expressed the Popular Idea.

Aesthetic gentleman—I presume you strive to make each article suggestive of its use in both form and decoration? Silversmith—That is our constant aim.

Aesthetic gentleman—Then why don't you decorate your cream pithers with pastoral scenes, instead of the allegory of the old oaken bucket? Silversmith—The latter is more thoroughly in accord with the prevailing idea.

A Good Reason.

"Say, chum, would you mind lending me your dress suit this evening? I've an invitation to a wedding."

"What's the matter with wearing your own?"

"Well, you see, old man, I was out calling on my girl last night, and her father's dog borrowed the basement of my pants."

The word offering is like a matrimonial engagement. It begins with an offer and ends with a ring.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

The Empress Frederick has collected \$120,000 for the new children's hospital at Berlin.

Why not save your clothes, by using the best, purest, most economical soap, Dobbin's Electric. Made ever since 1864. Try it once you will use it always. Your grocer keeps it or will get it. Look for the name, Dobbin's.

"Judge S. N. Jones & Wife, attorneys," is a legal shingle in Lansing, Mich.

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Mich., writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 76c.

Henri Rochefort runs his paper in Paris by telegraph from London.

It was Ben Johnson, we believe, who, when asked Mallock's question, "Is life worth living?" replied "That depends on the liver." And Ben Johnson doubtless saw the double point to the pun.

The liver active—quick—life rosy, everything bright, mountains of trouble melt like mountains of snow.

The liver sluggish—life dull, everything blue, molehills of worry rise into mountains of anxiety, and as a result—sick headache, dizziness, constipation.

Two ways are open. Cure permanently, or relieve temporarily. Take a pill and suffer, or take a pill and get well. Shock the system by an overdose, or coax it by a mild, pleasant way.

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I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of Gonorrhea, Gleet, etc. G. H. LINGHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has the best of reputation. D. E. DYCKE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Box \$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

One Thousand Dollars.

I will forfeit the above amount, if I fail to prove that **Floraplexion** is the best medicine in existence for Dyspepsia, Indigestion or Biliousness. It is a certain cure, and affords immediate relief, in cases of Kidney and Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility and Consumption. Floraplexion builds up the weak system and cures where other remedies fail. Ask your druggist for it and get well. Valuable book "Things Worth Knowing," also, sample bottle sent free; all charges prepaid. Address **Franklin Hart, 88 Warren Street, New York.**

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

I'm So Hungry

Says Nearly Everyone After Taking A Few Doses of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

THE VIENNA FOUNTAIN

OR Ladies' Syringe Indorsed by the highest medical authorities. SIMPLE EFFECT. Acts automatically. Should pipe be dropped from hand during use flow instantly ceases, thus protecting bed and clothing. (Patented 1883.) No other. Family size \$1.50. With extra large soft rubber vaginal pipe \$2.25. Sent by mail (securely packed in plain wrapper) on receipt of postal note or cash. **WANTED, VIENNA NOVELTY COMPANY, 122 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

WM. FITCH & CO., 102 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C.

PENSION ATTORNEYS of over 25 years' experience. Successfully prosecute pensions and claims of all kinds in shortest possible time. **NO FEE UNLESS SUCCESSFUL.**

PENSIONS Thousands entitled under the New Act. Write immediately for blank forms for application. Employ the old reliable firm. **J. B. CRAIG & CO.,** Washington, D. C.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD. Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

PUNCH says—
Ought to be done?—
Ought to stand for nothing.
The house ought to be cleaned with **Sapolio** Triacake in your next house cleaning and be convinced.

"IGNORANCE of the law excuses no man," and ignorance is no excuse for a dirty house or greasy kitchen. Better clean them in the old way than not at all; but the modern and sensible way is to use **SAPOLIO** on paint, on floors, on windows, on pots and pans, and even on statuary. To be ignorant of the uses of **SAPOLIO** is to be behind the age.

Ladies' Friend WASHING MACHINE saves money, clothes, fuel; is equally adapted for washing the finest lace or heaviest blanket. Never tears or wears clothing. You can wash, blue, rinse in it; no tubs required. Does away with damp ceilings, sloppy floors and the danger of incipient consumption after wash-day. I guarantee perfect satisfaction or pay freight both ways. **ONE** only sold in any neighborhood (to introduce it) at cost price. Address **B. F. ARNOLD, 1183 W. 3rd St., DAYTON, O.**

Make Your Chickens Earn Money.

They will, if you handle them properly, and to teach you we are now putting forth a

100-PAGE BOOK FOR 25 CENTS.

It embodies the experience of a practical man laboring for 25 years among Poultry as a business—not as a diversion, but for the purpose of making dollars and cents. He made a success, and there is no reason why you should not if you will profit by his labors—and the price of a few eggs will give you this intelligence. Even if you have room for only a few hens you should know how to **MAKE THEM PAY**. This book will show you. Among hundreds of other points about the Poultry Yard it teaches:

To Induce Hens to Lay,
To Select a Good Cock,
To Select a Good Hen,
Which Eggs to Hatch,
When to Set for Early Broilers,
What to Feed Young Chicks,
How to Arrange Coops,
Handling of Eggs,
About Watering Chicks,
Arrangement of Perches
To Prevent and Cure
Roup, Abortion, Cholera, Gapes, &c., &c.



To Prepare Nests,
Judicious Pairing,
What Hens to Set,
Care of Brooding Hens,
Know Unfruitful Eggs,
When to Set for Choice Fowls,
What to Feed for Eggs,
What to Feed to Fatten,
To Get Rid of Vermin,
About Incubators,
To Prevent and Cure
Pip, Lice, Scaly Legs,
Indigestion, &c., &c.

CARE OF TURKEYS, DUCKS, GEESE.

The best Chicken Book for the money ever offered. No one with Fowls can afford to be without it. Sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents in silver, postal note or stamps (1 or 2c).

BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.

ST. JACOBS OIL
BASE SEASON.
Cures HURTS, CUTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM.

THE WONDERFUL LUBRICATING OIL
COMBINING 5 ARTICLES OF FURNITURE: (INVALID) STOVES, WHEEL CHAIRS, and BABY COACHES.
We refund all the money on the purchase of any of these articles, and ship goods to be paid for on delivery. Send stamp for Catalogue. Name goods desired. **LUBING MFG. CO., 148 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

PISG'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Hold by druggists.

We offer you a ready made medicine for Coughs, Bronchitis and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Like other so-called Patent Medicines, it is well advertised, and having merit it has attained to a wide sale. Call it a "Nosttrum" if you will, but believe us when we say that at first it was compounded after a prescription by a regular physician, with no idea that it would ever go on the market as a proprietary medicine. Why is it not just as good as though costing fifty cents to a dollar for a prescription and an equal sum to have it put up at a drug store?

TO PARENTS.—The safest, most practical and least expensive boarding school for your son is **ST. GEORGE'S HALL, ST. GEORGE'S, MD. PROF. J. C. KINCAID, A. M., Prin.** Circulars sent.

CARPENTERS' 5-C. PENCIL for 2-c. stamp. **GAGE TOOL CO.,** Piano Makers, VINELAND, N. J.

The New Oxford Item.

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 26, 1890.

W. E. Patterson, a prominent citizen of York and president of the Common Council, while standing near the foundation of the new hotel which is being erected, leaning against the temporary railing, Sunday evening, the scuffling broke, precipitating him a distance of ten or twelve feet to the bottom. His head struck against a rock and split his head open. He is a large man. The fall was so sudden and the force so great that it has rendered him unconscious. It is not known what will be the outcome.

—Mr. Patterson died from his injuries Tuesday night.

The citizens of Mentor, Ind., are greatly excited over a mysterious disease which baffles the physicians and is about to kill off the entire family of George Davidson, a popular citizen there. Last Tuesday the 7-year-old daughter was taken ill and in eight hours died. An hour later a 9-year-old son was attacked and died in eight hours. Next day his only remaining children, three in number, were attacked one after another and died. All the physicians in the neighborhood admit they never saw anything like it and don't know what it is or how to treat it. So great is the sorrow and agitation of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson that it is feared they will not escape the fate of their children.

William Eisenbach, 21 years old, met his death in a horrible manner at Wilson's wool mill at Trenton, N. J., Monday morning. He was assistant foreman of the carding room, and was engaged in placing the belts on the pulleys just after the engine started, when his hand became entangled near the lower wheel. Before aid could reach him, he was whirled through the air and was forced through the small space between the shaft and the ceiling. The head was torn from the body. Each of the arms and legs were wrenched from the sockets, and the trunk was almost ground to pieces. It is only about three months ago that Eisenbach's brother was killed at another mill.

Mrs. Matilda Barnitz, of Baltimore, who has been on a visit in York to her sister, Mrs. McIntyre, for the past few weeks, was found lying unconscious on the pavement at the corner of North Queen street and Clark alley, York, late Monday night. There was a cut about five inches long on the right side of her forehead. The whole affair is a mystery and it is thought she was assaulted by some miscreant, who robbed her and fled, as her pocket-book was missing. Her condition is alarming and her friends have great apprehension as to the outcome.

George Houck, a prominent citizen of Mechanicsburg, an ex-County Commissioner of Cumberland county, died Saturday. An autopsy developed the fact that he had received a fatal injury by being hit on the stomach by a block from a circular saw. The blow lacerated his intestines and caused peritonitis.

In the case of the Reading Railroad accident at Shoemakersville a Coroner's jury rendered a verdict fixing the blame upon the signal man, who remained in his house instead of setting the danger signal for the train which ran into the coal train and caused the first wreck.

A large barn and contents and several large stacks of straw, the property of Robert Thompson, of Carlisle, was destroyed by fire Tuesday morning. The loss is estimated at \$1,000. The fire was of incendiary origin.

Spikes, coupling pins and other scrap iron were driven into the ties of the Reading railroad at Allentown, Monday evening, in an attempt to wreck a train.

John D. Clement, a Philadelphia printer, Monday shot and killed himself through mental worry brought on by business cares.

Mrs. General Fremont is very ill at her home in Los Angeles. Her daughter states that the family are in actual want, not having a dollar in the house.

Mrs. Mary Alena Whitten, of Westport, Me., aged 16, shot herself dead Sunday night. She had been married but three months.

John Hawk, aged 19, was killed Monday at Bainbridge, where, while attempting to board a west-bound freight, he was run down by a train going east.

The Item Job Printing Department turns out handsome work—cheap.

Seven divorces were granted by the court at York last Monday.

There will be a reunion of the 21st Pa. Cavalry at Gettysburg on Thursday, Oct. 23d, at 10 a. m., and a permanent association formed.

Morgan Mickle, of McKnightstown Monday shipped by E. M. Bender & Co.'s car, a calf four weeks old which weighed 181 pounds.—Star.

The fund to erect a monument over the remains of Dr. Higbee, late superintendent public instruction, amounts to \$3,846.69. A monument will be placed over his remains in the Emmitsburg cemetery.

The Reformed congregation, of Littlestown, is having a pipe organ put in the church edifice. It has sixteen stops and five hundred and fifty-two pipes. A public organ recital will be given in the early part of October by the Rev. Stanley Krebs.

The oldest Sister of Mercy in America is Mother Seton, of the New York Convent of Mercy, who is over 90. Her father died in 1800. Her mother, a convert, founded the order of the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg.

Jacob Schwalm, of Hanover, is nursing an exceedingly sore hand. He had several fingers hurt some time ago while at work on the railroad, and went to work in the ice factory before the sores were fully healed. Salt water getting into the sores has caused renewed inflammation and blood poisoning. He suffers greatly.

A cow belonging to Frank Elicker of Latimore township, got into the barn floor and ate a quantity of wheat one day recently, and died from the effects of it. Mr. Amos Gardner, of the same township, missed one of his fine yearling colts one day last week, and upon going in search of it, found it lying dead in the field.

The Herald says: On Thursday of last week, thieves took advantage of the absence of people from their homes on account of the big day of the fair, to commit depredations. The residence of Thomas Magdewick, on the Becker's mill road, about three miles from Hanover, was ransacked and \$9.50 in cash carried away. The house of William Swartz, along the Westminster road was visited, and \$8 or \$10 in cash secured by the scamps. Suspicious strangers were seen on the premises of the Misses Keller and other parties in the same neighborhood, the same day, but were driven away.

Wednesday as Jacob Feesser, near Union Mills, was returning from Littlestown with a load of fertilizer, when near the Pennsylvania line, he attempted to step from the wagon to the doubletree to adjust some of the harness. One of the horses became frightened and jumped and threw Mr. Feesser under the wagon. Two wheels passed over his legs, fracturing one badly below the knee and injuring the other at the knee.

The dedication of the Denning monument, now being erected in the Presbyterian graveyard at Newville, will take place October 4. Posts of the G. A. R. will be on hand. There will be bands of music and a grand parade.

MARRIED.

Sept. 17, by Rev. F. S. Lindaman, Mr. F. D. Schriver, of near Gettysburg, to Miss Emma N. Hartman, of near Littlestown.

Sept. 27, by Rev. T. J. Barkley, Rev. Chas. Reinewald, of Braddock, Pa., to Miss Irene Danner, of Gettysburg.

Sept. 10, by Rev. W. H. Herbert, Mr. Geo. W. Wolf to Miss Ida L. Homer, both of Abbotstown.

Sept. 21, by the same, Mr. Geo. B. Maul, of Bignount, York county, to Miss Sallie M. Myers, of New Chester.

Sept. 18, by Rev. Joel Swartz, Mr. Grant Bell to Miss Jennie Wetzel, both of Liberty twp.

Sept. 21, by Rev. D. T. Koser, Mr. Peter Kump, of Franklin twp., to Miss Maggie Bumbaugh, of Franklin county.

Sept. 18, by Rev. C. F. Gephart, Mr. D. F. Pottoff, of Hunterstown, to Miss Annie E. Day, of Idaville.

Sept. 17, by Ed. J. Cox, J. P., Mr. Peter Woodyard, of Freedom twp., to Miss Mary Richardson, of Frederick.

DIED.

Deaths free,—tributes, voices, &c., 5 cents a line

Sept. 13, in Liberty twp., Mrs. Mary A. Bouey, aged 76 years and 16 days.

Sept. 13, in Latimore twp., Mrs. Harriet Griffith, aged 61 years 11 mo. and 8 days.

Sept. 22, in Gettysburg, Mrs. Anna E. Myers, aged 55 years and 13 days.

Sept. 20, at the Almshouse, Mr. Abraham Myers, aged 81 years.

Sept. 23, in Gettysburg, Mrs. Mary C., wife of Nicholas Wiernan, aged 39 years, 6 months and 29 days.

A charter was issued to the York and Black Mountain Railroad Company, to run a road two miles in length from or near the southern limits of the city of York to the top of what is known as Webb's or Shunk's Hill. Capital, \$50,000.

IF SUFFERERS FROM CONSUMPTION, coughs and colds will try Pan-Tina cough and consumption cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels and liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator remove all these troubles. Trial bottles free at J. W. Barnitz's drug store.

Rev. William T. Magee, of Strasburg, Lancaster county, while in his pulpit preaching, was stricken with paralysis. He was carried to his home, where he lies in a helpless condition. The reverend gentleman is a well-known Presbyterian minister, about 55 years old.

A Lady's Perfect Companion.

Every expectant mother should read our new book by Dr. Jyce, one of New York's most celebrated physicians. A perfect mother's guide, it tells how the fearful ordeal can be made easy, free from danger, and almost entirely painless, thus saving months of anxiety, dread, and suffering. Full of valuable information to ladies, answering hundreds of delicate questions. Send two-cent stamp for circulars, testimonials, and confidential letter. Address, FRANK THOMAS & Co., Publishers, Baltimore, Md.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

DOWN THEY GO!!

We must get rid of our summer stock of MEN'S, BOYS' & CHILDREN'S SUITS! before the Fall season opens.

LOOK AT THE FEW PRICES WE QUOTE:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Men's suits at \$2.75, worth \$4.60 | Boys' suits at \$3.00, worth \$5.00 |
| Men's suits at \$3.00, worth \$5.00 | Boys' suits at \$3.75, worth \$6.50 |
| Men's suits at \$4.00, worth \$7.50 | Boys' suits at \$4.50, worth \$7.50 |
| Men's suits at \$5.00, worth \$8.75 | Boys' suits at \$5.50, worth \$8.75 |
| Men's suits at \$6.00, worth \$9.50 | Child's suit at \$1.00, worth \$1.75 |
| Men's suits at \$6.00, worth \$10.00 | Child's suit at \$1.50, worth \$2.50 |
| | Child's suit at \$2, worth \$2.50. |

You never saw the like of such fine goods being sold at such low prices. Come and look before you purchase, as you will certainly save from 40 to 50 cents on every dollar, as we must sell. Don't delay, but come early, as you will never have such an opportunity again in your life to buy clothing at such figures.

D. MYERS, The Reliable CLOTHIER.

Andw. Dellone & Bro.'s Old Stand, next to Shirk's Hardware, HAOVER, Pa.

50 FIFTY DOLLARS FOR LIFE SCHOLARSHIP
50 PALMS BUSINESS COLLEGE
(708 Chestnut St., PHILADA., PA.) (Both Sexes) Position for Graduates. Time 3 to 4 mos. Best Equipped. Best Course of Study. Circulars free if you name this page.

READY WITH OUR **SPRING BARGAINS!**

We will commence the season with Bargains!

We will continue the season with Bargains!

We will end the season with Bargains! Fine goods and plenty of them! All the leading and representative styles for Spring and Summer! Dry goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Paints and Oils, &c. Ladies Fine Dress Goods and Fine Shoes are specialties. Every department full of new novelties—rich in Quality and Style.

—YOU ARE SURE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT.—

Our Aim—to keep the best. Our Ambition—to please our trade. Our Principle—fair dealing. Our Price—the lowest.

OUR WELCOME WORD FOR ALL—BARGAINS!

Very truly,

S. A. SLAYBAUGH, Hampton, Pa.

GEO. H. HEPLER,

—DEALER IN—

Tin Plate and Sheet-Iron, Russian Sheet Iron and Zinc, Japanned and Stamped Ware, Pieced Tinware, &c., &c.

A specialty with me is first-class made TINWARE—Wash Boilers, Buckets, Coffee Pots, &c., &c. I have also a lot of CHEAP TINWARE from which to make selections. Special attention to mail order business. Roofing and Spouting a specialty. GEO. H. HEPLER, Carlisle street, New Oxford, Pa.

THE MARKETS.

NEW OXFORD.—By Z. H. Cashman.
Choice Wheat.....\$0.41
No. 2.....0.32
Raked.....0.55 @ 0.60
Rye.....0.65 @ 0.60
Corn.....0.45 @ 0.60
Clover seed.....\$1.00 @ \$1.25
Timothy hay.....5.00 @ 5.50
Rye straw.....8.00 @ 8.50

EAST BERLIN MARKETS.

By S. Morgan Smith, Sons & Co.
No. 1 L. B. Wheat.....\$0.95
No. 2.....0.90
No. 1 Fultz.....0.95
No. 2.....0.90

RETAIL.

Snow Drift Flour, 3 Bbl. \$5.62
2nd grade.....4.15
Buckwheat, 1 hundred.....1.00
Middings.....1.25
Chop.....1.25

Blank money orders for use of School Boards, handsomely printed and neatly bound, for sale cheap, at this office.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on the 15th day of October, 1890, by Elias Roth, Mayor of East Berlin, Frank Steffy, George C. Sheely, Rufus B. Cull and others, under the Act of Assembly entitled: "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, and an Act approved April 10th, 1879, in relation to Building and Loan Associations and Act of May 23, 1883, for a Charter of an intended corporation to be called "The New Oxford Building and Loan Association," the character and object of which is accumulating funds by the contributions of the members to enable them to purchase a homestead or other real estate or to borrow money for their use and investment in any lawful business or for any lawful purpose, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Acts of Assembly and supplements thereto. WILLIAM MCSHERY, Jr., Solicitor. Aug. 25, 1890.

EXECUTORS' SALE

A DESIRABLE FARM!

Wednesday, October 15th, 1890, the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of George W. Witter, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, Pa., dec'd, will offer at public sale the following valuable real estate, on the premises:—
A GOOD FARM containing 100 acres more or less, in Mountpleasant township, about 1 mile south of Golden's station and 1/2 of a mile from Miller's store, adjoining lands of David Wentz, Wm. Wampler, Chas. Strasbaugh, Jos. Shultz and others; improved with a two-story weather-boarded Log House with 2-story stone back-building, double Log Barn, Hog Pen, Corn Crib, Smoke House, and all necessary out-buildings. There is a never-failing spring close to the buildings, besides four other springs on the farm. There is a due proportion of meadow land and about 8 acres of timberland. The land is in a good condition, having been recently thoroughly tilled, and is a fine crop of corn. There is a thriving young apple orchard, besides all kinds of other fruits on the premises. Persons desiring to view the property can call on the tenant residing thereon, or on Geo. F. Witter, at New Chester. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., when terms will be made known by GEORGE F. WITTER, } Executors. JACOB E. WITTER, }

S. Morgan Smith, Sons & Co.'s

Snow CHEAPER than the cheapest!

Drift

Better than the best! **Flour!**

Has immense sales wherever introduced. Try it! For sale at

O. A. SMITH'S FAMILY GROCERY, New Oxford, Pa.

The highest cash will be paid for prime grain, delivered at the mill near East Berlin, Pa.

CLEARING SALE!

I must close out a large lot of BOOTS & SHOES to make room for FALL GOODS, and in order to bring it about, I have decided to sell them at cost. They are not cheap, trashy goods, but staple articles. I will sell you a pair of Men's Boots from \$1.50 up; Ladies Shoes from 90 cents up; Misses' and Children's shoes at all prices. Don't fail to catch these Bargains.

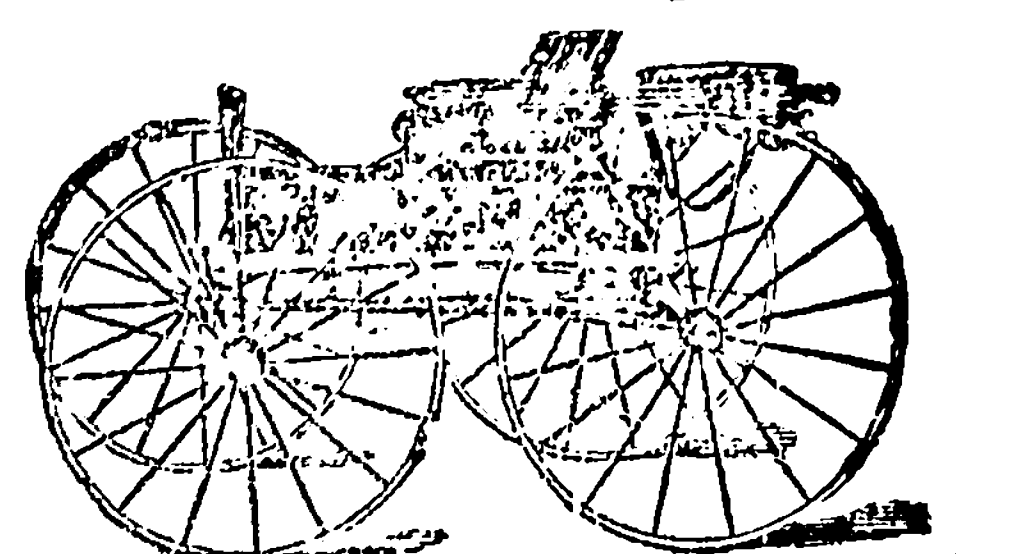
ALSO, A full line of Dress Goods of all kinds, Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries, Queensware, and everything kept in a first-class country store. I. A. NOEL, BONNEAUVILLE, PA.

To CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease CONSUMPTION, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his Remedy, as it is available. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address, REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings county, New York.

NEW OXFORD COACH FACTORY!

JOS. H. LAWRENCE, Proprietor.



CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, &C.,

always on hand or built at short notice. Every vehicle manufactured is made throughout in my own shops, by competent mechanics, every one of whom has served a regular apprenticeship in his trade; I am thus enabled to guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

—REPAIRING— of all kinds done promptly, at reasonable prices. Works and office on Hanover street, New Oxford, Pa. JOS. H. LAWRENCE.

—GO TO—

John H. Nau

Littlestown, Pa., for your

TOMBSTONES

As my business has been greatly increased on account of my cheap and substantial work, I am compelled to get additional hands who are killed in fine work. I am at all times prepared to furnish the most beautiful

Monuments, Tombstones, Lintels, Door Sills, &c., at Bargains.

My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick counties, Md., and Adams and York counties, Pa. I guarantee my prices and work to suit all persons making purchases from me. Call and examine and satisfy yourselves. Orders promptly attended to. Work delivered from our yards on Frederick street, Littlestown, Pa.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrears are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—large reductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest hand bill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

OFFICE on Centre Square, near Noel's grocery.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 26, 1890.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Personal.

Mr. Frank Sellers, of Georgetown, D. C., visited his wife in this place, ever Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smith, of McSherrystown, visited friends in town on Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. G. Smyser, arrived in New Oxford, from Topeka, Kansas, on Thursday evening, to spend some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. S. Gitt, Pitt street. Her husband will arrive in a few weeks.

Mr. Dennis Myers, of Baltimore, visited his father, Mr. Philip Myers, Pitt street, this week.

Miss Mamie Neely, of near York Springs, who taught school here several years ago, was in town this week renewing old acquaintances.

Mr. G. P. Emmert and wife, of York Springs, visited his parents and friends in town on Sunday.

Captain James Hersh, of Gettysburg, has been selected as one of the Marshals at the Hagerstown Fair.

The Rev. C. E. Hay, of Allentown, and son of the Rev. Dr. Charles Hay, of Gettysburg, was elected last week secretary of the East Pennsylvania Lutheran Synod, which met in Columbia.

Rev. Stanley Krebs, son of Rev. Prof. Krebs, of Littlestown, was united in marriage, last Wednesday afternoon, to Miss Annie Frantz, of Lancaster county. The marriage ceremony took place in the First Reformed church Lancaster.

Mr. C. H. Emmert and wife, of Philadelphia street, visited Mrs. Emmert's parents at Littlestown over Sunday.

Mr. J. A. Sheely left here Friday for Neffsville, Lancaster county, to take charge of No. 1 school at that place.

Mr. John Cooper, of this place, spent last week in York.

Rev. McClean Barnitz, of York, was visiting in this place several days this week, and preached an interesting sermon in the M. E. church Sunday evening. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Mrs. Adam Foutz, of Gettysburg, and Mrs. Mary Rose, of Horner's Mill, visited their brother, Mr. G. A. Klingel, this place.

The Lutheran congregation at Red Hook, N. Y., dedicated their new house of worship on Wednesday the 17th inst. The building is 84x65 feet and cost \$18,656. The Rev. S. A. Weikert, a graduate of the college and formerly of this county is the pastor. Of his services in connection with the building the Red Hook Journal says: "Above all, for undertaking and successfully completing the beautiful house of worship, the entire congregation and community owe to their pastor, Rev. S. A. Weikert a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid. With untiring energy, though often met with many rebuffs and hindrances, he has devoted nearly two years of his life to this worthy object."

Mr. J. Quincy Pfeiffer, of Washington, D. C., is visiting friends and relatives here and at Gettysburg.

Mr. Wm. Strickler and wife, of Lebanon, are visiting at Dr. Sheetz's, on Philadelphia street.

Mrs. Julia Hoffheins, of Williamsport, widow of the late John Hoffheins, a former pastor of the Reformed church in this place, is visiting friends here, stopping at Mr. Levi Wehler's, E. High street.

Hurt His Head.

Tuesday evening, while Harry, a young son of Mr. Wm. F. Sheely, of Philadelphia street, was playing on a store box in front of Sheely & Bro.'s dry goods store, he fell therefrom and struck with his head on the edge of an iron gutter across the pavement, cutting a gash in his scalp. The wound bled profusely for some time, but no serious results are feared.

A gray beard on a man under 50 makes him look older than he is. The best dye to color brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

A Manufacturing Establishment Wanting to Locate Here.

New Oxford has an excellent chance to have a factory locate here. Mr. Frederick Snyder, of Reading, arrived here Saturday, and interviewed some of our citizens in regard to locating a factory here that would employ not less than thirty hands from the start, that number to be increased as the demand for goods increases; the product of the factory to be staple articles, something that is used every day by almost everybody.

The offer made to our citizens is that they raise a certain amount of money as capital stock, with which to erect buildings, purchase machinery, etc. The site for the factory is already secured, having been with commendable liberality donated for that purpose by Wm. D. Himes, Esq., and but several hundred dollars of the amount necessary to bring the factory here has already been subscribed. The balance wanting should be promptly made up by those of our citizens that have the means to do so, it will doubtless prove a profitable investment, to say nothing of the benefit the factory will be to the town in general.

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We mean VARIETY Greatest.

We mean STYLES The Newest.

We mean PRICES The Lowest.

We mean FIT The Best.

WE MEAN

Our stock was made for us specially, many of them finished after our own ideas and consequently our whole stock, let it be low priced, medium or fine, is finished in a high grade manner. This week we name

JACKETS!

Fifty styles, kinds and almost as many prices. All wool Jackets from \$2.90 up to \$15. All the leading materials such as English Cheviots, Serges, Diagonals, Glaces, &c., made with Queen Anne Collars, Revells, Vest Fronts, &c., short, half & three-quarter lengths. We will speak of Plush Garments, Conemaraags, Newmarkets, &c., later, although they are in stock now. Astrakhan and Plush Capes.

N. B.—No use of going to Baltimore for a coat no matter what style you want, we can supply it and that too at a less price than expensively conducted stores can afford to do.

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR per annum, in advance—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within year. No subscription discontinued unless at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. A failure to order a discontinuance at the expiration of the time subscribed for, will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual rates—large reductions to those who advertise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from the smallest label or card to the largest hand bill or poster—done with dispatch, at the lowest rates.

OFFICE on Centre Square, near Noel's grocery.

FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 26, 1890.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Personal.

Mr. Frank Sellers, of Georgetown, D. C., visited his wife in this place, over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smith, of McSherrystown, visited friends in town on Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. G. Smyser, arrived in New Oxford, from Topeka, Kansas, on Thursday evening, to spend some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. S. Gitt, Pitt street. Her husband will arrive in a few weeks.

Mr. Dennis Myers, of Baltimore, visited his father, Mr. Philip Myers, Pitt street, this week.

Miss Mamie Neely, of near York Springs, who taught school here several years ago, was in town this week renewing old acquaintances.

Mr. G. P. Emmert and wife, of York Springs, visited his parents and friends in town on Sunday.

Captain James Hersh, of Gettysburg, has been selected as one of the Marshals at the Hagerstown Fair.

The Rev. C. E. Hay, of Allentown, and son of the Rev. Dr. Charles Hay, of Gettysburg, was elected last week secretary of the East Pennsylvania Lutheran Synod, which met in Columbia.

Rev. Stanley Krebs, son of Rev. Prof. Krebs, of Littlestown, was united in marriage, last Wednesday afternoon, to Miss Annie Frantz, of Lancaster county. The marriage ceremony took place in the First Reformed church Lancaster.

Mr. C. H. Emmert and wife, of Philadelphia street, visited Mrs. Emmert's parents at Littlestown over Sunday.

Mr. J. A. Sheely left here Friday for Neffsville, Lancaster county, to take charge of No. 1 school at that place.

Mr. John Cooper, of this place, spent last week in York.

Rev. McClean Barnitz, of York, was visiting in this place several days this week, and preached an interesting sermon in the M. E. church Sunday evening. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter.

Mrs. Adam Foutz, of Gettysburg, and Mrs. Mary Rose, of Horner's Mill, visited their brother, Mr. G. A. Klingel, this place.

The Lutheran congregation at Red Hook, N. Y., dedicated their new house of worship on Wednesday the 17th inst. The building is 84x65 feet and cost \$18,656. The Rev. S. A. Weikert, a graduate of the college and formerly of this county is the pastor. Of his services in connection with the building the Red Hook Journal says: "Above all, for undertaking and successfully completing the beautiful house of worship, the entire congregation and community owe to their pastor, Rev. S. A. Weikert a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid. With untiring energy, though often met with many rebuffs and hindrances, he has devoted nearly two years of his life to this worthy object."

Mr. J. Quincy Pfeiffer, of Washington, D. C., is visiting friends and relatives here and at Gettysburg.

Mr. Wm. Strickler and wife, of Lebanon, are visiting at Dr. Sheetz's, on Philadelphia street.

Mrs. Julia Hoffheims, of Williamsport, widow of the late John Hoffheims, a former pastor of the Reformed church in this place, is visiting friends here, stopping at Mr. Levi Wehler's, E. High street.

Hurt His Head.

Tuesday evening, while Harry, a young son of Mr. Wm. F. Sheely, of Philadelphia street, was playing on a store box in front of Sheely & Bro.'s dry goods store, he fell therefrom and struck with his head on the edge of an iron gutter across the pavement, cutting a gash in his scalp. The wound bled profusely for some time, but no serious results are feared.

A gray beard on a man under 50 makes him look older than he is. The best dye to color brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

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THE LEADERS,
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GETTYSBURG, PA.

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A SONG OF GROWTH.
In the heart of a man
Is a thought unfurled:
Reached its full span
It shakes the world,
And to one high thought
Is a whole race wrought.

Not with vain noise
The great work grows,
Nor with foolish voice,
But in repose,—
Not in the rush,
But in the hush.

From cogent lash
Of the cloud-herd wind
The low clouds dash,
Blown headlong, blind;
But, beyond, the great blue
Looks moveless through.

O'er the loud world sweep
The scourge and the rod,
But in deep beyond deep
Is the stillness of God,—
At the Fountain of Life
No cry—no strife!

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in The Century.

A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

I was a medical student in Paris at the time the strange and startling adventure happened which I am about to record. Tired with long lectures and hard study, I was out one evening for a walk in the fresh air. It was a pleasant night in mid-winter, and the cold, bracing air, as it touched my feverish brow, caused a grateful sensation.

Passing through a rather lonely street near the river, I was surprised at meeting a young and pretty girl—at least she so appeared in the dim light of a rather distant street lamp—who carried in her hand some three or four bouquets, which she offered for sale.

"Will monsieur have a bouquet?" she asked, in a sweet, musical tone, holding out to me a well-arranged collection of beautiful flowers.

"They are very pretty," said I, taking them in my hand; and then, somehow, I could not help adding, as I fixed my eyes upon hers, "And so, I think, is their fair owner."

"Monsieur will purchase and assist me?" she said.

"Do you, then, really need assistance, mademoiselle?"

"Why else should I be here at this hour of the night, monsieur?"

"And why here at all?" quickly returned I. "This street is little frequented, and is about the last in the world I should have selected for disposing of a luxury most suited to wealth and fashion."

She sighed and reached out her hand for the bouquet, which I still retained.

"What is your price?" said I.

"Five francs?"

"A large sum."

"Monsieur will remember it is winter, and flowers are not plentiful."

"To aid you I will purchase," returned I, handing her the requisite silver coin; "for, though I love flowers, I would otherwise hardly indulge in the luxury to-night at such an expense."

She thanked me, and seemed about to pass on, but hesitated, looked up at me and said:

"Could monsieur direct me to the house of a good physician, who would turn out to-night and see a patient for a small recompense?"

"Any friend of yours ill?"

"My mother!" with a deep sigh and downcast look.

"Where does she reside?"

"Only a short distance from here."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She has a high fever, for one thing."

"When was she taken?"

"She came down last night, and has not left her bed since."

"Why did you not send for a doctor once?"

"We hoped she would get better soon, and it is so expensive for poor people to employ a physician."

"I am myself a medical student, with considerable experience among the sick of the hospitals, and if you are disposed to trust the case to me, I am at your service without charge," I rejoined, already feeling deeply interested in the fair girl.

"Oh, how shall I thank monsieur?" she exclaimed, with clasped hands, and an upward, grateful look. "Pray, follow me, Monsieur le Docteur."

She turned at once and moved off at a rapid pace down the street toward the River Seine in the direction I was walking when we met.

In less than five minutes we had entered a wretched quarter, among narrow streets, old, tottering buildings, and squalid looking inhabitants, some of whom seemed to glare at us as we passed along.

"Is it much further?" inquired I, beginning to feel uneasy.

"Only a step, monsieur. It is just here."

Almost immediately she turned into a covered passage, which led in back among habitations that I should never have voluntarily visited in the broad light of day. A distant lamp just served to make the gloom visible, till she suddenly stopped and opened a door into total darkness.

"Your hand, Monsieur le Docteur," she said, at the same time taking it and leading me forward.

I was tempted to draw back and refuse to go any further, though I mechanically followed her.

We now went through a long, narrow passage, in total darkness, and, after two

or three short turns, began to descend a flight of creaking stairs.

"Is it possible you live in a place like this?" said I, secretly wishing myself safely out of it.

"In Paris beggars cannot be choosers," replied the girl.

"But even in Paris it is not necessary for the living to take up their abodes in sepulchers," I rejoined with some asperity, being vexed at myself for suffering my good nature to lead me into a den from which I might never come out alive.

To this my fair guide deigned no reply. On reaching the foot of the stairs she pushed open a door, into a small dimly lighted room, and I followed her into it with some secret misgivings. There was a bed in one corner, and on it appeared to be a human form, lying very still.

"I have brought a doctor, mother," said the girl as she closed the door behind me.

As there was no reply to this she turned to me, saying:

"Will Monsieur le Docteur please be seated a minute? 'I think mother is asleep.'"

"I beg mademoiselle will bear in mind that I can only spare a few moments to this case to-night, as I have another call I wish to make immediately, I returned, feeling very anxious to depart from the subterranean quarter as soon as possible.

"Monsieur shall not be detained long by me," rejoined the girl, passing out of the room by another door.

I did not sit down, but walked over to the bed, where the patient was lying very still—so still, indeed, that I could not detect any breathing. A woman's cap was on the head, and the end of a sheet concealed the face. I ventured to turn this down carefully, and beheld the eyeless sockets and grinning teeth of a human skull.

I started back in horror, and at the same moment the door by which the girl had left was thrown open, and in marched, one after the other, four tall human figures in black gowns and masks. I knew at once, then, that I was to be robbed, and probably murdered. I wore a heavy diamond pin and ring, carried a valuable gold watch, and had in money about my person some 500 francs, but not a single weapon of any kind. Resistance being therefore out of the question, I felt that my only chance—if indeed there was a chance—was to conciliate the ruffians and buy myself off. With a presence of mind for which I still take to myself considerable credit, I said at once:

"I understand it all, gentlemen, and you will find me a very liberal person to deal with. There is one thing I value very highly, because it is the only one I have, and I can not replace it—that is my life. Everything else of mine is at your service, even beyond what I have with me."

They were undoubtedly surprised to hear me speak in that cool, off-hand manner, but they marched forward and surrounded me before either returned a word.

"How much have you with you then?" inquired one in a civil way, but in a low, gruff tone.

I immediately mentioned the different articles of value, and the exact amount of money.

"All of which I shall be pleased to present you with, if one of you will be kind enough to escort me to the street above," I asked.

"You said you had more, monsieur."

"Yes, gentlemen, I have 10,000 francs in the Bank of France, and will willingly add a check for half that amount."

"Checks do not serve our purpose very well," said a second voice.

"Then I pledge you my honor that I will to-morrow draw out 5000 francs and pay the amount over to any person who may approach me with this bouquet in his hand," said I, holding out the flowers I had purchased of the fair decoy.

"And have him arrested the next minute, I suppose."

"No, on my honor he shall depart unharmed and unquestioned; and no other human beings shall be informed of the transaction for a week, a month or a year."

"Let us first handle what you have here," said the first speaker.

I immediately took out my pin, took off my ring, drew out my watch, produced my pocket-book and purse and placed them all in his extended hand.

"You make me a present of these now," he said.

"Yes, on condition that one of you will forthwith conduct me to the street," I replied.

"Monsieur is a very liberal gentleman, eh, comrades?" said the mask, turning to the others.

"A very liberal gentleman, indeed!" was the response.

Then they drew off together, scrutinized the articles by the light of a smoky lamp, and conversed together in low tones. I felt that they were holding a consultation that involved my life, and to speak the honest truth, it seemed as if every nerve in me quivered, and it was with difficulty I could stand.

At length the principal spokesman turned to me and said, in a very cool and methodical manner:

"Monsieur has acted more like a gentleman than any other person we ever had dealings with, and if we could, consistent with our business, oblige him, we should be happy to do so; but unfortunately we are governed by a rule, which is a law with us, that 'dead men tell no tales,' and we think it will not do to make an exception in this case. We will, however, in consideration of Mon-

sieur's gentlemanly behavior, be as mild and lenient as possible in doing our duty, and grant Monsieur five minutes for saying his prayers."

"You have, then, resolved to murder me?" I asked.

"Monsieur uses a very harsh term, but we will let that pass. You have five minutes yet to live by that watch."

The villain then held my watch to the light, and I felt indeed that my minutes were numbered.

A death-like silence then reigned in that gloomy apartment for some time, and then one of the ruffians bent downward and lifted a trap-door, and from the dark pit below issued a noisome smell. I beheld my intended grave, and shuddered and shook like an aspen.

But why stand there and die like a dog, without a single attempt at escape? At the worst it could be but death, and there was a bare possibility that I might get away. I fixed my eyes on the door which opened upon the stairway, and with a single sudden bound reached it, but found it fast locked. Then, as the hands of the ruffians seized me, with murderous intent, I uttered a wild shriek, the door was burst in with a loud crash, and in a moment the room was filled with gendarmes. I saw that I was saved, and fainted and fell.

The four masks, the fair decoy and some two or three others concerned in that murderous den were all secured that night, and I subsequently had the pleasure of giving my evidence against them and seeing them all condemned to the galleys for life.

The place had been for some time suspected and the decoy marked. On that night a detective had secretly followed the girl and myself, and, after ascertaining whither she had conducted me, had hastened to bring a body of gendarmes to the place. The delay of the ruffians in their murderous design had been just sufficient to save me. I scarcely need add that I never again volunteered to accompany a distressed damsel on a secret adventure while I remained in Paris.

An Empress and Her Five Boys.

A correspondent describes the daily life of the German Empress and the five little Princes at Sassnitz, where they have been staying. Every day schools and other institutions in the neighborhood make trips to Sassnitz to see the Empress and her boys, and there are plenty of opportunities for doing so, for the Empress is as fond of being on the water as the Emperor himself. The Empress has already been several times on the beach, together with the Princes; the four elder boys wear blue sailor suits and straw hats with long ribbons. Prince Oscar, the youngest, who is dressed all in white, is carried about by the nurse. The Princes climb about among the stones, trying to find curious stones or other treasures of the deep. The Empress herself takes part in this search as well as in the other amusements of the Princes on the beach. The thoughtful kindness of the Empress was shown in a little incident which occurred a few days ago. She had come down to the beach with her four sons—the Crown Prince had remained at home for lessons—and was sitting down under a fine old beech not far from the bathing place for gentlemen. The police would not let the gentlemen pass who were on their way to the cabins. When the Empress noticed that one of the latter was carrying a bathing towel she made inquiries, and was informed that some of the gentlemen were on their way to the bathing place. She got up at once and sent an apology to the would-be bathers to the effect that "she had not known it was the hour for bathing." The Princes were also called away, and Prince Eitel marched off whistling a merry tune. The Empress keeps to her habit of rising early, and the two eldest Princes take a hot sea bath every morning at eight o'clock. In a few days' time the Empress hopes also to begin sea bathing. The costumes worn by the Empress are as simple as possible. As a rule, she wears a black woolen dress, a close fitting jacket and a large straw hat trimmed with black ribbon.

Tired of Making His "Mark."

James Robinson, tall, robust, with a sandy complexion and forty years of age, has spent almost his entire life mining in the mountains of the West. Two months ago he went to Kansas City, Mo., from Phoenix, Arizona. He could neither read nor write. During the past eight years he has been engaged in the transaction of business involving the buying and selling of mines, through which he has been placed in comfortable circumstances financially. His "mark" had been attached to deeds and contracts so often that he was brought to realize the necessity of an education. Hence his presence in Kansas City. Mr. Robinson has applied himself assiduously under the direction of a private tutor and can now read and write. He says he will remain another month in Kansas City and then return to Arizona to look after his mining interests. After the lapse of a few weeks he will return to pursue his educational course. In three years' time he expects to have a good business education, supplemented with the embellishments of literature.—Chicago Herald.

Bookkeeper—"Excuse me, please, my nephew died three days ago." Employer (who is somewhat familiar with the little game)—"All right, Mr. Culpepper, you may attend the funeral. Died, as usual, on first base, I suppose?"—Dry Goods Chronicle.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

BRIGHTENING GILT FRAMES.

Gilt picture frames may be brightened by taking sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to about one and one-half pints of water, and in this boil four or five bruised onions or garlic, which will answer the same purpose. Strain off this liquid, and with it, when cold, wash with a soft brush any gilding which requires renewing, and when dry it will come out bright as new.—New York Telegram.

PAINTING UPON SILK.

To prevent oil colors from spreading in painting upon silk or satin, different preparations are used. White shellac dissolved in alcohol is good. First, trace the design, then cover the surface to be painted with this medium. Another method is to outline the design with Japan varnish before applying the paint. Moisten the brush with turpentine and paint over but not beyond the outline. It is a good plan to squeeze the paint upon a piece of blotting-paper, instead of the palette ordinarily used. The blotting-paper will absorb much of the oil, and if the paints are thinned with turpentine they may often be used without any preparation upon the fabric. On heavy satin there is little danger of the oil spreading beyond the design.—New York World.

TEA MAKING.

In preparing tea, the water to be used should never be poured directly from the kitchen kettle into the urn. It should be cold, fresh water, brought absolutely to the boiling point. The tea used will, of course, differ according to taste, but none is better for the purpose than the best English breakfast. The leaves must be placed in the pot in the proportion of a heaping teaspoonful to each person. Upon these leaves pour a small quantity of boiling water; never use all of the latter needed at once, as a sudden rush will certainly "drown" the tea. Now pull the caddy over the teapot and allow the contents to draw a few moments, when you will have the best infusion possible; repeat this process as many times as needed; after using the first potfull and filling once more with boiling water, the tea loses its strength and flavor. Boiled tea is hurtful, and breakfast tea should never be steeped upon the stove. It will not often be necessary to strain, where these directions are followed, but the sudden addition of water floats the leaves, which do not again settle.—Hall's Journal of Health.

BEWARE OF CHEMICAL FRUIT POWDERS!

The attention of farm housewives and other housekeepers is also drawn to the use of the pernicious substance which is the basis of the fruit powders used for the preservation of fruits and vegetables. Health is the greatest blessing if only for its personal relation. But when the health of young children is under the care of the mothers, the greatest circumspection should prevail in the use of all chemical preparations used in housekeeping. Nothing noxious under the guise of household compounds, whether for preserving or cooking, inclusive of baking powders, should be accepted blindly or without knowing of what they are composed. It is an excellent part of the education of young women that hygiene, and at least some knowledge of domestic chemistry, are taught in good schools, and every mother should take care that her daughters should acquire this indispensable accomplishment before they begin housekeeping for themselves. Rural schools especially should be conducted upon the high principle, and should be made as effective means of instruction as those of the cities and large towns.—New York Times.

RECIPES.

Sweet Tomato Pickles—Take eight pounds of green tomatoes and chop them fine, then add four pounds of brown sugar and boil three hours; a quart of vinegar, a teaspoonful each of mace, cloves and cinnamon; boil again fifteen minutes, let it cool and pour into jars.

Raspberry Vinegar—To four quarts red raspberries, put enough vinegar to cover, and let them stand twenty-four hours; scald and strain it; add a pound of sugar to one pint of juice; boil it twenty minutes, and bottle; it is then ready for use, and will keep years. To one glass of water add a great spoonful. It is much relished by the sick. Very nice.

Baked Veal Cutlet—Remove all skin from the edge, wash and wipe dry, sprinkle with salt and pepper, place a sheet of white paper in the bottom of a shallow baking tin, butter it well, lay the meat on it, place bits of butter on top of the meat and very thin slices of onion, place in a moderate oven, baste frequently with butter, bake until a nice brown; remove from the pan, place on a hot platter, pour over it a little tomato sauce and garnish with sliced lemon.

Salmon Salad—Take two onions cut fine, a small carrot, a small head of celery, half a cupful of parsley cut fine, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of prepared mustard; let them simmer fifteen minutes in just water enough to prevent scorching, then add one cupful of vinegar, one cupful of water, salt, a pinch of cloves, and a little cayenne, and the fish; simmer half an hour, then remove from the fire, and let the salmon remain in the dressing until perfectly cold, then serve with lettuce and some of the dressing strained through a fine sieve.

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"I beg mademoiselle will bear in mind that I can only spare a few moments to this case to-night, as I have another call I wish to make immediately," I returned, feeling very anxious to depart from the subterranean quarter as soon as possible.

"Monsieur shall not be detained long by me," rejoined the girl, passing out of the room by another door.

I did not sit down, but walked over to the bed, where the patient was lying very still—so still, indeed, that I could not detect any breathing. A woman's cap was on the head, and the end of a sheet concealed the face. I ventured to turn this down carefully, and beheld the eyeless sockets and grinning teeth of a human skull.

I started back in horror, and at the same moment the door by which the girl had left was thrown open, and in marched, one after the other, four tall human figures in black gowns and masks. I knew at once, then, that I was to be robbed, and probably murdered. I wore a heavy diamond pin and ring, carried a valuable gold watch, and had in money about my person some 500 francs, but not a single weapon of any kind. Resistance being therefore out of the question, I felt that my only chance—if indeed there was a chance—was to conciliate the ruffians and buy myself off. With a presence of mind for which I still take to myself considerable credit, I said at once:

"I understand it all, gentlemen, and you will find me a very liberal person to deal with. There is one thing I value very highly, because it is the only one I have, and I can not replace it—that is my life. Everything else of mine is at your service, even beyond what I have with me."

They were undoubtedly surprised to hear me speak in that cool, off-hand manner, but they marched forward and surrounded me before either returned a word.

"How much have you with you then?" inquired one in a civil way, but in a low, gruff tone.

I immediately mentioned the different articles of value, and the exact amount of money.

"All of which I shall be pleased to present you with, if one of you will be kind enough to escort me to the street above," I asked.

"You said you had more, monsieur."

"Yes, gentlemen, I have 10,000 francs in the Bank of France, and will willingly add a check for half that amount."

"Checks do not serve our purpose very well," said a second voice.

"Then I pledge you my honor that I will to-morrow draw out 5000 francs and pay the amount over to any person who may approach me with this bouquet in his hand," said I, holding out the flowers I had purchased of the fair decoy.

"And have him arrested the next minute, I suppose."

"No, on my honor he shall depart unharmed and unquestioned; and no other human being shall be informed of the transaction for a week, a month or a year."

"Let us first handle what you have here," said the first speaker.

I immediately took out my pin, took off my ring, drew out my watch, produced my pocket-book and purse and placed them all in his extended hand.

"You make me a present of these now," he said.

"Yes, on condition that one of you will forthwith conduct me to the street," I replied.

"Monsieur is a very liberal gentleman, eh, comrades?" said the mask, turning to the others.

"A very liberal gentleman, indeed!" was the response.

Then they drew off together, scrutinized the articles by the light of a smoky lamp, and conversed together in low tones. I felt that they were holding a consultation that involved my life, and to speak the honest truth, it seemed as if every nerve in me quivered, and it was with difficulty I could stand.

At length the principal spokesman turned to me and said, in a very cool and methodical manner:

"Monsieur has acted more like a gentleman than any other person we ever had dealings with, and if we could, consistent with our business, oblige him, we should be happy to do so; but unfortunately we are governed by a rule, which is a law with us, that 'dead men tell no tales,' and we think it will not do to make an exception in this case. We will, however, in consideration of Mon-

sieur's gentlemanly behavior, be as mild and lenient as possible in doing our duty, and grant Monsieur five minutes for saying his prayers."

"You have, then, resolved to murder me!" I asked.

"Monsieur uses a very harsh term, but we will let that pass. You have five minutes yet to live by that watch."

The villain then held my watch to the light, and I felt indeed that my minutes were numbered.

A death-like silence then reigned in that gloomy apartment for some time, and then one of the ruffians bent downward and lifted a trap-door, and from the dark pit below issued a noisome smell. I beheld my intended grave, and shuddered and shook like an aspen.

But why stand there and die like a dog, without a single attempt at escape? At the worst it could be but death, and there was a bare possibility that I might get away. I fixed my eyes on the door which opened upon the stairway, and with a single sudden bound reached it, but found it fast locked. Then, as the hands of the ruffians seized me, with murderous intent, I uttered a wild shriek, the door was burst in with a loud crash, and in a moment the room was filled with gendarmes. I saw that I was saved, and fainted and fell.

The four masks, the fair decoy and some two or three others concerned it that murderous den were all secured that night, and I subsequently had the pleasure of giving my evidence against them and seeing them all condemned to the galleys for life.

The place had been for some time suspected and the decoy marked. On that night a detective had secretly followed the girl and myself, and, after ascertaining whether she had conducted me, had hastened to bring a body of gendarmes to the place. The delay of the ruffians in their murderous design had been just sufficient to save me. I scarcely need add that I never again volunteered to accompany a distressed damsel on a secret adventure while I remained in Paris.

An Empress and Her Five Boys.

A correspondent describes the daily life of the German Empress and the five little Princes at Sassnitz, where they have been staying. Every day schools and other institutions in the neighborhood make trips to Sassnitz to see the Empress and her boys, and there are plenty of opportunities for doing so, for the Empress is as fond of being on the water as the Emperor himself. The Empress has already been several times on the beach, together with the Princes; the four elder boys wear blue sailor suits and straw hats with long ribbons. Prince Oscar, the youngest, who is dressed all in white, is carried about by the nurse. The Princes climb about among the stones, trying to find curious stones or other treasures of the deep. The Empress herself takes part in this search as well as in the other amusements of the Princes on the beach. The thoughtful kindness of the Empress was shown in a little incident which occurred a few days ago. She had come down to the beach with her four sons—the Crown Prince had remained at home for lessons—and was sitting down under a fine old beech not far from the bathing place for gentlemen. The police would not let the gentlemen pass who were on their way to the cabins. When the Empress noticed that one of the latter was carrying a bathing towel she made inquiries, and was informed that some of the gentlemen were on their way to the bathing place. She got up at once and sent an apology to the would-be bathers to the effect that "she had not known it was the hour for bathing." The Princes were also called away, and Prince Eitel marched off whistling a merry tune. The Empress keeps to her habit of rising early, and the two eldest Princes take a hot sea bath every morning at eight o'clock. In a few days' time the Empress hopes also to begin sea bathing. The costumes worn by the Empress are as simple as possible. As a rule, she wears a black woollen dress, a close fitting jacket and a large straw hat trimmed with black ribbon.

Tired of Making His "Mark."

James Robinson, tall, robust, with a sandy complexion and forty years of age, has spent almost his entire life mining in the mountains of the West. Two months ago he went to Kansas City, Mo., from Phoenix, Arizona. He could neither read nor write. During the past eight years he has been engaged in the transaction of business involving the buying and selling of mines, through which he has been placed in comfortable circumstances financially. His "mark" had been attached to deeds and contracts so often that he was brought to realize the necessity of an education. Hence his presence in Kansas City. Mr. Robinson has applied himself assiduously under the direction of a private tutor and can now read and write. He says he will remain another month in Kansas City and then return to Arizona to look after his mining interests. After the lapse of a few weeks he will return to pursue his educational course. In three years' time he expects to have a good business education, supplemented with the embellishments of literature.—*Chicago Herald*.

Bookkeeper—"Excuse me, please, my nephew died three days ago." Employer (who is somewhat familiar with the little game)—"All right, Mr. Cuddepper, you may attend the funeral. Died, as usual, on first base, I suppose?"—*Dry Goods Chronicle*.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

BRIGHTENING GILT FRAMES.

Gilt picture frames may be brightened by taking sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to about one and one-half pints of water, and in this boil four or five bruised onions or garlic, which will answer the same purpose. Strain off this liquid, and with it, when cold, wash with a soft brush any gilding which requires renewing, and when dry it will come out bright as new.—*New York Telegram*.

PAINTING UPON SILK.

To prevent oil colors from spreading in painting upon silk or satin, different preparations are used. White shellac dissolved in alcohol is good. First, trace the design, then cover the surface to be painted with this medium. Another method is to outline the design with Japanese varnish before applying the paint. Moisten the brush with turpentine and paint over but not beyond the outline. It is a good plan to squeeze the paint upon a piece of blotting-paper, instead of the palette ordinarily used. The blotting-paper will absorb much of the oil, and if the paints are thinned with turpentine they may often be used without any preparation upon the fabric. On heavy satin there is little danger of the oil spreading beyond the design.—*New York World*.

TEA MAKING.

In preparing tea, the water to be used should never be poured directly from the kitchen kettle into the urn. It should be cold, fresh water, brought absolutely to the boiling point. The tea used will, of course, differ according to taste, but none is better for the purpose than the best English breakfast. The leaves must be placed in the pot in the proportion of a heaping teaspoonful to each person. Upon these leaves pour a small quantity of boiling water; never use all of the latter needed at once, as a sudden rush will certainly "drown" the tea. Now pull the coreset over the teapot and allow the contents to draw a few moments, when you will have the best infusion possible; repeat this process as many times as needed; after using the first potful and filling once more with boiling water, the tea loses its strength and flavor. Boiled tea is hurtful, and breakfast tea should never be steeped upon the stove. It will not often be necessary to strain where these directions are followed, but the sudden addition of water floats the leaves, which do not again settle.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

BEWARE OF CHEMICAL FRUIT POWDERS!

The attention of farm housewives and other housekeepers is also drawn to the use of the pernicious substance which is the basis of the fruit powders used for the preservation of fruits and vegetables. Health is the greatest blessing if only for its personal relation. But when the health of young children is under the care of the mothers, the greatest circumspection should prevail in the use of all chemical preparations used in housekeeping. Nothing noxious under the guise of household compounds, whether for preserving or cooking, inclusive of baking powders, should be accepted blindly or without knowing of what they are composed. It is an excellent part of the education of young women that hygiene, and at least some knowledge of domestic chemistry, are taught in good schools, and every mother should take care that her daughters should acquire this indispensable accomplishment before they begin housekeeping for themselves. Rural schools especially should be conducted upon the high principle, and should be made as effective means of instruction as those of the cities and large towns.—*New York Times*.

RECIPES.

Sweet Tomato Pickles—Take eight pounds of green tomatoes and chop them fine, then add four pounds of brown sugar and boil three hours; a quart of vinegar, a teaspoonful each of mace, cloves, and cinnamon; boil again fifteen minutes, let it cool and pour into jars.

Raspberry Vinegar—To four quarts red raspberries, put enough vinegar to cover, and let them stand twenty-four hours; scald and strain it; add a pound of sugar to one pint of juice; boil it twenty minutes, and bottle; it is then ready for use, and will keep years. To one glass of water add a great spoonful. It is much relished by the sick. Very nice.

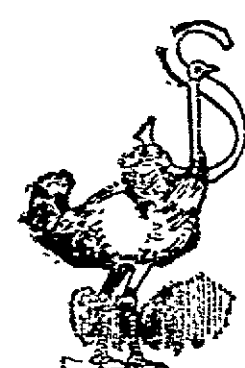
Baked Veal Cutlet—Remove all skin from the edge, wash and wipe dry, sprinkle with salt and pepper, place a sheet of white paper in the bottom of a shallow baking tin, butter it well, lay the meat on it, place bits of butter on top of the meat and very thin slices of onion, place in a moderate oven, baste frequently with butter, bake until a nice brown; remove from the pan, place on a hot platter, pour over it a little tomato sauce and garnish with sliced lemon.

Salmon Salad—Take two onions cut fine, a small carrot, a small head of celery, half a cupful of parsley cut fine, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of prepared mustard; let them simmer fifteen minutes in just water enough to prevent scorching, then add one cupful of vinegar, one cupful of water, salt, a pinch of cloves, and a little cayenne, and the fish; simmer half an hour, then remove from the fire, and let the salmon remain in the dressing until perfectly cold, then serve with lettuce and some of the dressing strained through a fine sieve.

AN OSTRICH RANCH.

RAISING THE QUEER BIRD IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

He Fights Like a Wild Cat if His Home is Invaded—Harmless With a Stocking Over His Head—Plucking the Feathers.



AYS a Santa Ana (Cal.) letter to the New York World: On the sloping side of a foothill in the San Bernardino range of mountains, in Southern California, is the queerest little ranch in all the Golden State. A high fence of hemlock plank, with every crack stopped

up, massive, iron bound gates, of the same heavy material, and a little frame house occupied by two sturdy and determined looking men, guard the secrets of that odd looking inclosure on the side of the little mountain.

To the sightseer or casual visitor who passes the great plank inclosed fields, an array of moving heads, with bulging eyes and gaping mouths of immense size, convey very little idea of what sort of stock is being reared there. These heads, numbering dozens and even scores at times, seem to be lifted up out of nothingness, poked high into the air and lunged swiftly over the top of the plank fence in the direction of the visitor. A sharp hiss emitted just as the glaring eyes and wide-open mouth come into sight might prove a very effective object lesson to a hard drinker.

But the heads are not those of monster serpents. The eyes which glare and never blink or move are not the eyes of antediluvian reptiles, but belong to an inoffensive bird. The gaping mouth is the mouth of an ostrich, and within that planked inclosure are more than a hundred of them fully grown. But the array of heads and bare necks, twisting and writhing to and fro, cannot fail to conjure up before the mind of a visitor a nest of gigantic serpents, wriggling and hissing in their endeavors to get over the high fence to devour him.

Once within these iron-bound gates the sightseer will witness sights which cannot be seen elsewhere on this continent and nowhere else on the globe save in the vicinity of Cape Town, South Africa.

The ostrich industry was begun in this country eight years ago, but the birds then brought from Abyssinia did not thrive, and after a year or more, this attempt to raise them for their plumes was abandoned. But other persons were quick to see that if birds of a sufficiently hardy nature could be imported to stand the climate of Southern California, there would be a large revenue of profit in the business. The gentlemen who own this farm determined to try the South African ostrich and young birds were imported under the skillful management of the foreman, who still has the farm in charge. There were twenty of these ostriches and they first saw the farm near Fullerton, a little more than six years ago. Of the original birds imported, sixteen still survive and of the four dead, only one died from sickness, the others having injured themselves fatally, by falling into ditches in the night time. From the flock of twenty birds, 140 have been reared, but owing to death from accident, only 124 of them were on the farm when the World party visited it last week.



A COVEY OF YOUNG OSTRICHES.

"If you will walk this way," said the Superintendent, "I will show you the youngest ostriches ever exhibited in America, here or anywhere else. I have a number in a little inclosure down here, which were hatched only day before yesterday, and they are well worth seeing."

We walked toward a little brook on the bank of which stood a framework of boards which looked something like a hot-bed in a vegetable garden. It had a roof partly of boards and partly of glass, and underneath the panes were several birds about the size of half-grown goslings. They were as lively as sparrows, jumping hither and thither, pecking at the gravel in one corner of their cage or nibbling at the tender shoots of alfalfa clover growing in another. The sash was lifted off and the Superintendent went into their cage to catch one of the covey. He had a pretty lively chase of it around the narrow limits of the inclosure, but finally succeeded in catching one of the largest. The young ostrich was covered with down soft as satin and as glossy as if it had been oiled. There was a slight moulting of white-tipped, fluffy feathers all over its body, and down the back of its neck was a broad stripe of jet-black color, merging into shaded brown and very pretty. There were ten

all, ranging in age from three days to three weeks. The Superintendent dropped the one he had caught and picked up another and a smaller one a moment later. The rapid growth of the ostrich can be imagined from the Superintendent's assertion that in sixteen months the bird will have reached a stature of eight or nine feet when standing erect.

"What is the value of a young ostrich?" I asked.

"We value them at \$100 each when they are hatched, and their value increases with their age. They yield their first crop of feathers when they are sixteen months old. After that we get at least two crops of feathers every year from them."

"And for how many years will a bird continue to yield a paying amount of plumes?"

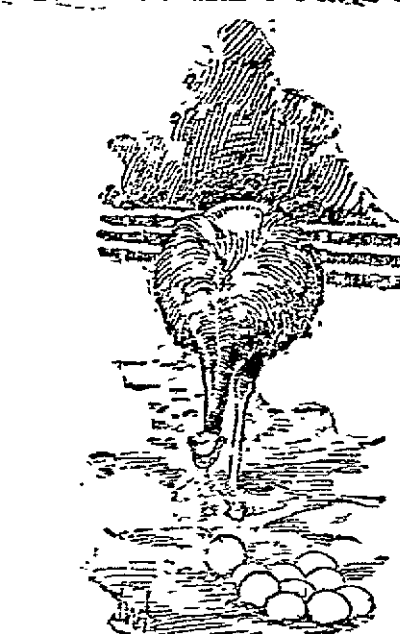
"Oh, they live to a good age, and so long as they live yield first-class feathers. The male birds—all those big black fellows you see up there on the hillside are males—of course pay the best, for it is from them that we get the finest plumes. From the female birds we get the brown and gray feathers. These have to be dyed before they can be marketed, and then they are shorter and lighter in body than the plumes from the males. The feathers from the female birds are made into tips and short plumes, and bring much less, comparatively, than the long, heavy plumes of the males."

"How do you pluck the feathers?" I asked, desirous of seeing the operation, if possible.

"I cannot pluck a bird for you now, because we are through with that work for this month, but if you will walk up into the main corrals I'll show you how it is done."

Up on the side of the sloping hill are sixteen small squares within the main inclosure. These little squares are about forty feet each way and accommodate a male and female bird. In them the young are raised, and into them it is very dangerous for the keepers to go during the breeding season. In one corner of the inclosure was a triangular pen of boards, just large enough to admit the body of an ostrich. A stout bar standing by the fence could be used to drop into place as soon as the bird had been driven into the pen. Then a stocking slipped over his head shut off his sight and he was as effectually a prisoner as if he had been thrown upon the ground and tied. When an ostrich is thus imprisoned one of the keepers reaches through the bars of the pen, lifts up his wings, and with a pair of keen-edged nippers clips off the plume quills just above the skin, allowing the stumps to remain in the flesh. These are subsequently shed by the bird, and immediately thereafter a new plume continues to grow. From six to ten plumes of the finest quality are obtained from each side of the bird twice a year, to say nothing of the smaller plumes and tips from the back and tail.

The devotion of the male bird to the female amounts almost to adoration. He guards her nest day and night and will fight furiously to protect her from an imaginary danger. He relieves her on the nest at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and remains there until 8 o'clock the next



EXPRESSING HIS INDIGNATION.

morning, taking his "watch" with almost clock-like regularity. He does two-thirds of the duty of setting and therefore two-thirds of the labor of hatching a brood of young.

I had an opportunity, in one of the smaller corrals, of witnessing the building of a permanent nest. The female bird trotted around the lot in a peculiar manner, now and then pecking at the ground with her bill. Finally she found a spot to her liking and scratched up the sandy loam a little with her foot. Then she walked away, proud and happy in the knowledge that she had found the proper place for digging the family nest. She retired to a further corner of the lot and sat down. Then the male bird, a handsome, black-plumed fellow, strutted over to the spot where the head of the house had scratched away the turf. He went to work with a will and soon his big, two-toed feet, armed with their heavy claws, had dug out quite a hole in the soft sand. He did not stop until he had made an excavation fully as broad as the body of his beloved mate and about a foot in depth. Then he spoke to her in ostrich language and she immediately came to the nest. There were some modern improvements which he had overlooked, perhaps, for she wasn't pleased with it exactly. She gave him a few more instructions and sat down to watch the progress of the work. The old fellow went to work like a dutiful



AN OSTRICH TWO WEEKS OLD.

husband, scratched a little more dirt here and dug a little deeper there, until he had apparently carried out the orders of his spouse. She then sat down in the nest, ruffled her feathers, kicked and scratched a little and finally pronounced the nest a fit. Then they both went gossiping around by the fence, letting the inhabitants of the ostrich village into the secret that they had the latest-improved and best-appointed nest in all ostrichdom and were about to hatch a brood which should be the envy and wonder of all beholders.

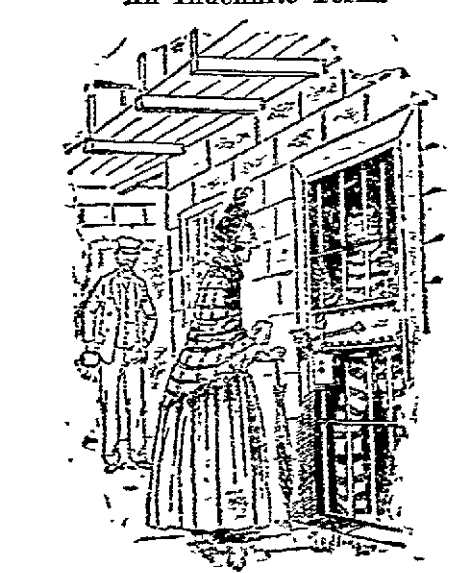
In an adjoining inclosure an ostrich hen was just going on her nest. She had told her better half that he might take a little stroll, and he was cantering toward the feed-trough at the further side of the corral as fast as a horse could run. The female in this particular instance was a very mad hen. The Superintendent had taken two eggs from the nest, and she had caught him at it. He had the eggs outside of the fence, but he couldn't put them back for fear the bird would kick him. So, as the only alternative, he laid them down carefully just inside the inclosure and the hen rolled them back one by one, using her head as a lever. Then she fluffed her feathers a little, uttered a defiant hiss at the impudent visitors who had caused her nest to be disturbed, squatted down over her eggs, tucked her head under her wing and went to sleep.

"Come this way now," said the Superintendent, "and I'll show you the full-grown birds, not yet mated off, over in the big paddock. They are a bad lot just now, for they are mating and the males like to show off. Don't get too near the fence, for they will kick you if they can."

As soon as we stopped they came up to the fence and snapped at our hats in a friendly sort of way. The Superintendent took up a stick and rattled it between the boards of the fence. Instantly there was a crash as of a heavy blow, accompanied by a shrill hiss. Crash after crash followed as one of the ostriches kicked at the stick held in the Superintendent's hand. He thrust his great foot forward with lightning-like rapidity and every time his horn-shod great toe struck the fence it left an indentation almost an inch deep. It was an exhibition of kicking such as I had never seen elsewhere, and I had much rather see that ostrich practise on the plank fence than on any part of my anatomy.

The feeding of the giant birds is interesting. In the evening they eat grain, principally oats and rolled barley, but for their other meals they are fed finely chopped green alfalfa. The fields of alfalfa on the ranch afford an unlimited supply of nourishing food for the birds and they thrive upon it perfectly. It is the food the ostrich gets in South Africa, and he does as well on it in California as there. The alfalfa is brought in from the fields by the wagon-load, then chopped in a feed-cutter very finely and thrown into the feeding-boxes in the various inclosures in unlimited quantities. The birds eat little at a time, but eat often. They are not gluttons nor gourmands, though they will eat and swallow anything. They drink large quantities of water and spend their time in chasing one another around the paddocks.

An Indefinite Term.



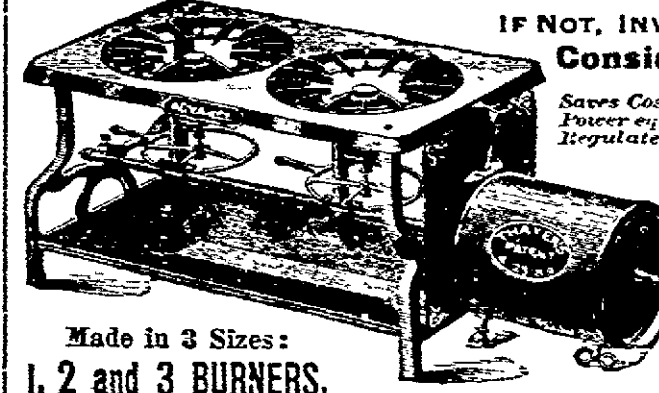
Visitor—"How long are you in for, poor man?" Prisoner—"Dunno, Ma'am." Visitor—"How can that be?" Prisoner—"It's a life sentence."—Puck.

"Justifiable burglary was the verdict brought in by a Justice of the Peace in Summer county, Kan., in a case in which the defendants were two boys who broke into an ice-house on the warmest day of the recent hot spell.

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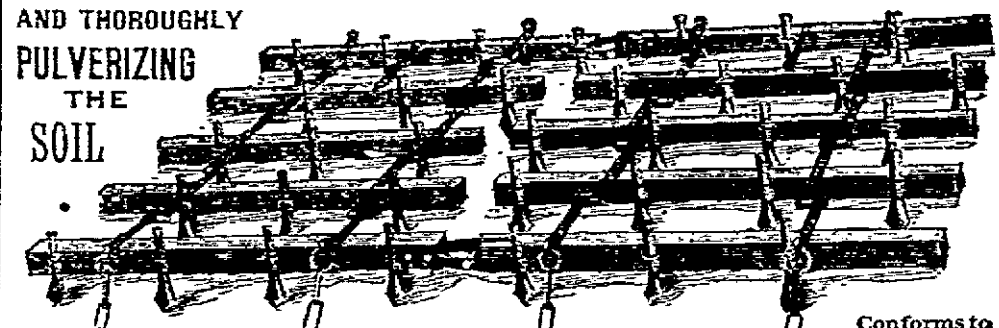
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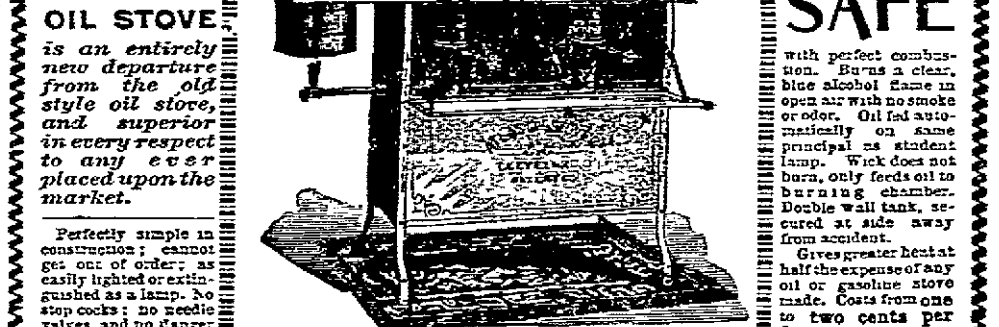
EACH BAR WORKS INDEPENDENTLY. Obstacles and frees itself from cornstalks etc., better than any Harrow made.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND PRICES. Its construction is unsurpassed; best seasoned oak and oil tempered Bessemer Steel Teeth. Adjustable with ordinary wrench to cut from 2 to 6 inches; adapted to all kinds of work and soils; can be drawn backwards for covering fine seed and smoothing ground.

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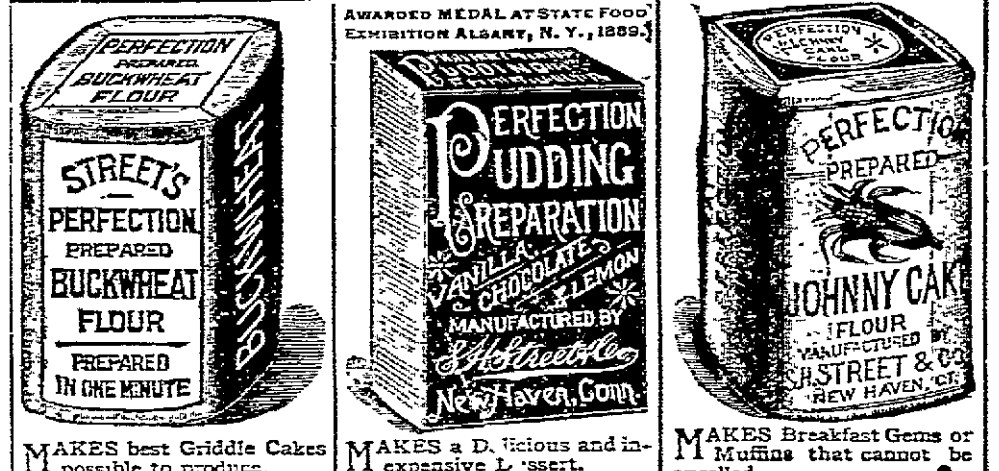


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A Good Sheathing like the O. K. Building Paper, can be obtained at a trifling cost, and it is a waste of money to use an inferior article.

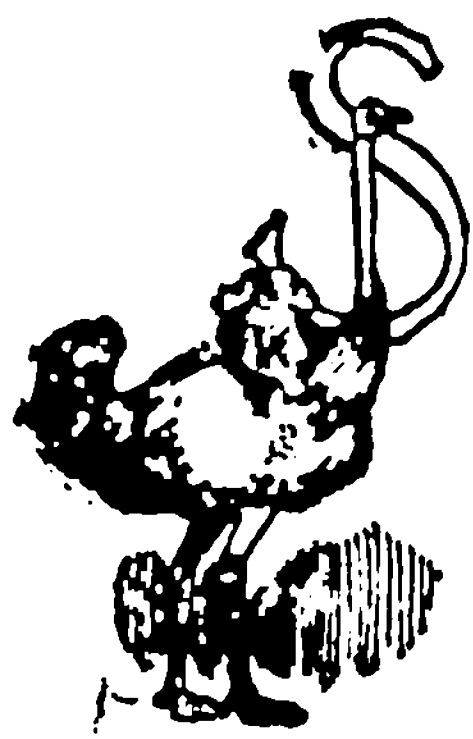
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AYS a Santa Ana (Cal.) letter to the New York World: On the sloping side of a foothill in the San Bernardino range of mountains, in Southern California, is the queerest little ranch in all the Golden State. A high fence of hemlock planking, with every crack stopped

up, massive, iron bound gates, of the same heavy material, and a little frame house occupied by two sturdy and determined looking men, guard the secrets of that odd looking inclosure on the side of the little mountain. To the sightseer or casual visitor who passes the great plank inclosed fields, an array of moving heads, with bulging eyes and gaping mouths of immense size, convey very little idea of what sort of stock is being reared there. These heads, numbering dozens and even scores at times, seem to be lifted up out of nothingness, poked high into the air and lunged swiftly over the top of the plank fence in the direction of the visitor. A sharp hiss emitted just as the glaring eyes and wide-open mouth come into sight might prove a very effective object lesson to a hard drinker.

But the heads are not those of monster serpents. The eyes which glare and never blink or move are not the eyes of antediluvian reptiles, but belong to an inoffensive bird. The gaping mouth is the mouth of an ostrich, and within that planked inclosure are more than a hundred of them fully grown. But the array of heads and bare necks, twisting and writhing to and fro, cannot fail to conjure up before the mind of a visitor a nest of gigantic serpents, wriggling and hissing in their endeavors to get over the high fence to devour him.

Once within these iron-bound gates the sightseer will witness sights which cannot be seen elsewhere on this continent and nowhere else on the globe save in the vicinity of Cape Town, South Africa.

The ostrich industry was begun in this country eight years ago, but the birds then brought from Abyssinia did not thrive, and after a year or more, this attempt to raise them for their plumes was abandoned. But other persons were quick to see that if birds of a sufficiently hardy nature could be imported to stand the climate of Southern California, there would be a large revenue of profit in the business. The gentlemen who own this farm determined to try the South African ostrich and young birds were imported under the skillful management of the foreman, who still has the farm in charge. There were twenty of these ostriches and they first saw the farm near Fullerton, a little more than six years ago. Of the original birds imported, sixteen still survive and of the four dead, only one died from sickness, the others having injured themselves fatally, by falling into ditches in the night time. From the flock of twenty birds, 140 have been reared, but owing to death from accident, only 124 of them were on the farm when the World party visited it last week.



A COVEY OF YOUNG OSTRICHES.

"If you will walk this way," said the Superintendent, "I will show you the youngest ostriches ever exhibited in America, here or anywhere else. I have a number in a little inclosure down here, which were hatched only day before yesterday, and they are well worth seeing."

We walked toward a little brook on the bank of which stood a framework of boards which looked something like a hot-bed in a vegetable garden. It had a roof partly of boards and partly of glass, and underneath the panes were several birds about the size of half-grown goslings. They were as lively as sparrows, jumping hither and thither, pecking at the gravel in one corner of their cage or nibbling at the tender shoots of alfalfa-clover growing in another. The sash was lifted off and the Superintendent went into their cage to catch one of the covey. He had a pretty lively chase of it around the narrow limits of the inclosure, but finally succeeded in catching one of the largest. The young ostrich was covered with down soft as satin and as glossy as if it had been oiled. There was a slight moulting of white-tipped, fluffy feathers all over its body, and down the back of its neck was a broad stripe of jet-black color, merging into shaded brown and very pretty. There were ten

in all, ranging in age from three days to three weeks. The Superintendent dropped the one he had caught and picked up another and a smaller one a moment later. The rapid growth of the ostrich can be imagined from the Superintendent's assertion that in sixteen months the bird will have reached a stature of eight or nine feet when standing erect.

"What is the value of a young ostrich?" I asked.

"We value them at \$100 each when they are hatched, and their value increases with their age. They yield their first crop of feathers when they are sixteen months old. After that we get at least two crops of feathers every year from them."

"And for how many years will a bird continue to yield a paying amount of plumes?"

"Oh, they live to a good age, and so long as they live yield first-class feathers. The male birds—all those big black fellows you see up there on the hillside are males—of course pay the best, for it is from them that we get the finest plumes. From the female birds we get the brown and gray feathers. These have to be dyed before they can be marketed, and then they are shorter and lighter in body than the plumes from the males. The feathers from the female birds are made into tips and short plumes, and bring much less, comparatively, than the long, heavy plumes of the males."

"How do you pluck the feathers?" I asked, desirous of seeing the operation, if possible.

"I cannot pluck a bird for you now, because we are through with that work for this month, but if you will walk up into the main corrals I'll show you how it is done."

Up on the side of the sloping hill are sixteen small squares within the main inclosure. These little squares are about forty feet each way and accommodate a male and female bird. In them the young are raised, and into them it is very dangerous for the keepers to go during the breeding season. In one corner of the inclosure was a triangular pen of boards, just large enough to admit the body of an ostrich. A stout bar standing by the fence could be used to drop into place as soon as the bird had been driven into the pen. Then a stocking slipped over his head shut off his sight and he was as effectually a prisoner as if he had been thrown upon the ground and tied. When an ostrich is thus imprisoned one of the keepers reaches through the bars of the pen, lifts up his wings, and with a pair of keen-edged nippers clips off the plume quills just above the skin, allowing the stumps to remain in the flesh. These are subsequently shed by the bird, and immediately thereafter a new plume continues to grow. From six to ten plumes of the finest quality are obtained from each side of the bird twice a year, to say nothing of the smaller plumes and tips from the back and tail.

The devotion of the male bird to the female amounts almost to adoration. He guards her nest day and night and will fight furiously to protect her from an imaginary danger. He relieves her on the nest at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and remains there until 8 o'clock the next



EXPRESSING HIS INDIGNATION.

morning, taking his "watch" with almost clock-like regularity. He does two-thirds of the duty of setting and therefore two-thirds of the labor of hatching a brood of young.

I had an opportunity, in one of the smaller corrals, of witnessing the building of a permanent nest. The female bird trotted around the lot in a peculiar manner, now and then pecking at the ground with her bill. Finally she found a spot to her liking and scratched up the sandy loam a little with her foot. Then she walked away, proud and happy in the knowledge that she had found the proper place for digging the family nest. She retired to a further corner of the lot and sat down. Then the male bird, a handsome, black-plumed fellow, strutted over to the spot where the head of the house had scratched away the turf. He went to work with a will and soon his big, two-toed feet, armed with their heavy claws, had dug out quite a hole in the soft sand. He did not stop until he had made an excavation fully as broad as the body of his beloved mate and about a foot in depth. Then he spoke to her in ostrich language and she immediately came to the nest. There were some modern improvements which he had overlooked, perhaps, for she wasn't pleased with it exactly. She gave him a few more instructions and sat down to watch the progress of the work. The old fellow went to work like a dutiful



AN OSTRICH TWO WEEKS OLD.

husband, scratched a little more dirt here and dug a little deeper there, until he had apparently carried out the orders of his spouse. She then sat down in the nest, ruffled her feathers, kicked and scratched a little and finally pronounced the nest a fit. Then they both went gossiping around by the fence, letting the inhabitants of the ostrich village into the secret that they had the latest-improved and best-appointed nest in all ostrichdom and were about to hatch a brood which should be the envy and wonder of all holders.

In an adjoining inclosure an ostrich hen was just going on her nest. She had told her better half that he might take a little stroll, and he was cantering toward the feed-trough at the further side of the corral as fast as a horse could run. The female in this particular instance was a very mad hen. The Superintendent had taken two eggs from the nest, and she had caught him at it. He had the eggs outside of the fence, but he couldn't put them back for fear the bird would kick him. So, as the only alternative, he laid them down carefully just inside the inclosure and the hen rolled them back one by one, using her head as a lever. Then she fluffed her feathers a little, uttered a defiant hiss at the impudent visitors who had caused her nest to be disturbed, squatted down over her eggs, tucked her head under her wing and went to sleep.

"Come this way now," said the Superintendent, "and I'll show you the full-grown birds, not yet mated off, over in the big paddock. They are a bad lot just now, for they are mating and the males like to show off. Don't get too near the fence, for they will kick you if they can."

As soon as we stopped they came up to the fence and snapped at our hats in a friendly sort of way. The Superintendent took up a stick and rattled it between the boards of the fence. Instantly there was a crash as of a heavy blow, accompanied by a shrill hiss. Crash after crash followed as one of the ostriches kicked at the stick held in the Superintendent's hand. He thrust his great foot forward with lightning-like rapidity and every time his horn-shod great toe struck the fence it left an indentation almost an inch deep. It was an exhibition of kicking such as I had never seen elsewhere, and I had much rather see that ostrich practise on the plank fence than on any part of my anatomy.

The feeding of the giant birds is interesting. In the evening they eat grain, principally oats and rolled barley, but for their other meals they are fed finely chopped green alfalfa. The fields of alfalfa on the ranch afford an unlimited supply of nourishing food for the birds and they thrive upon it perfectly. It is the food the ostrich gets in South Africa, and he does as well on it in California as there. The alfalfa is brought in from the fields by the wagon-load, then chopped in a feed-cutter very finely and thrown into the feeding-boxes in the various inclosures in unlimited quantities. The birds eat little at a time, but eat often. They are not gluttons nor gourmands, though they will eat and swallow anything. They drink large quantities of water and spend their time in chasing one another around the paddocks.

An Indefinite Term.



Visitor—"How long are you in for, poor man?"

Prisoner—"Dunno, Ma'am."

Visitor—"How can that be?"

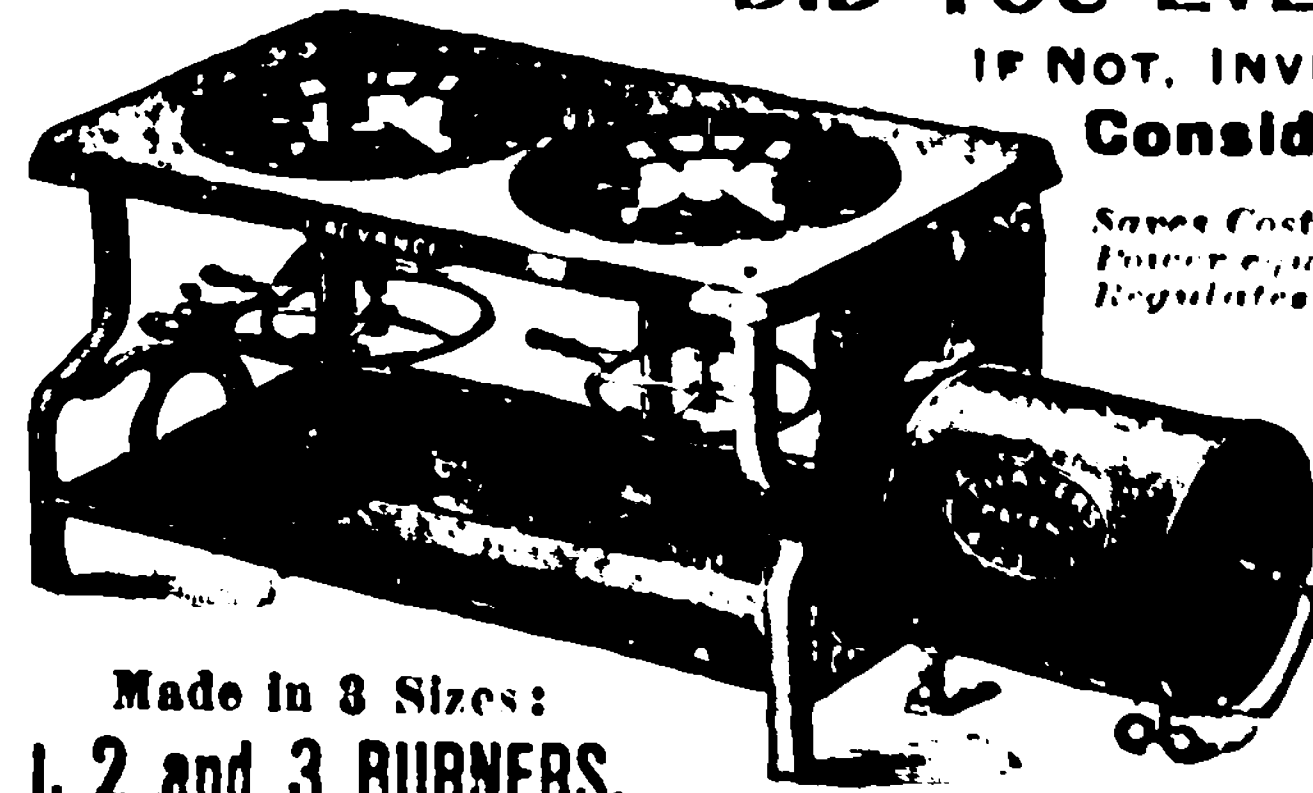
Prisoner—"It's a life sentence."—Puck.

"Justifiable burglary was the verdict brought in by a Justice of the Peace in Summer county, Kan., in a case in which the defendants were two boys who broke into an ice-house on the warmest day of the recent hot spell.

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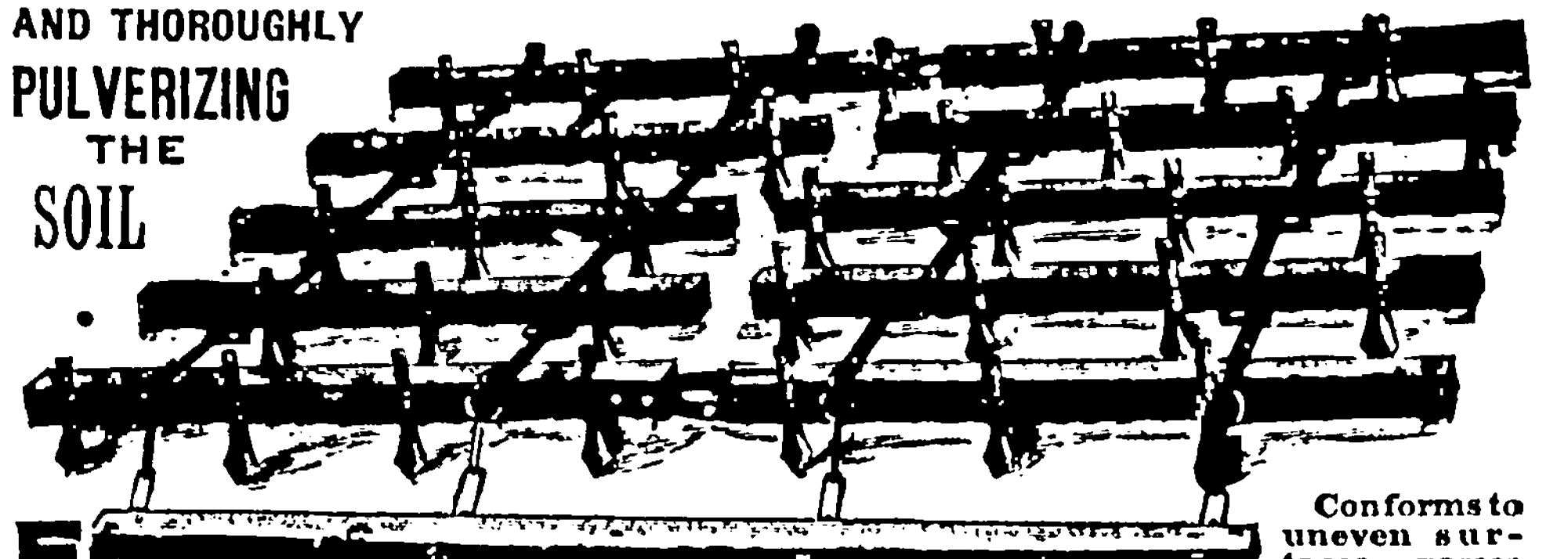
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EACH BAR WORKS INDEPENDENTLY obstacles and frees itself from cornstalks etc., better than any Harrow made.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND PRICES. Its construction is unsurpassed; built of solid steel and iron. Adjustable with ordinary wrench to cut from 2 to 6 inches; adapted to all kinds of work and soil; can be drawn backwards for covering fine seed and smoothing ground.

VIBRATOR HARROW CO., NEW CASTLE, PA.

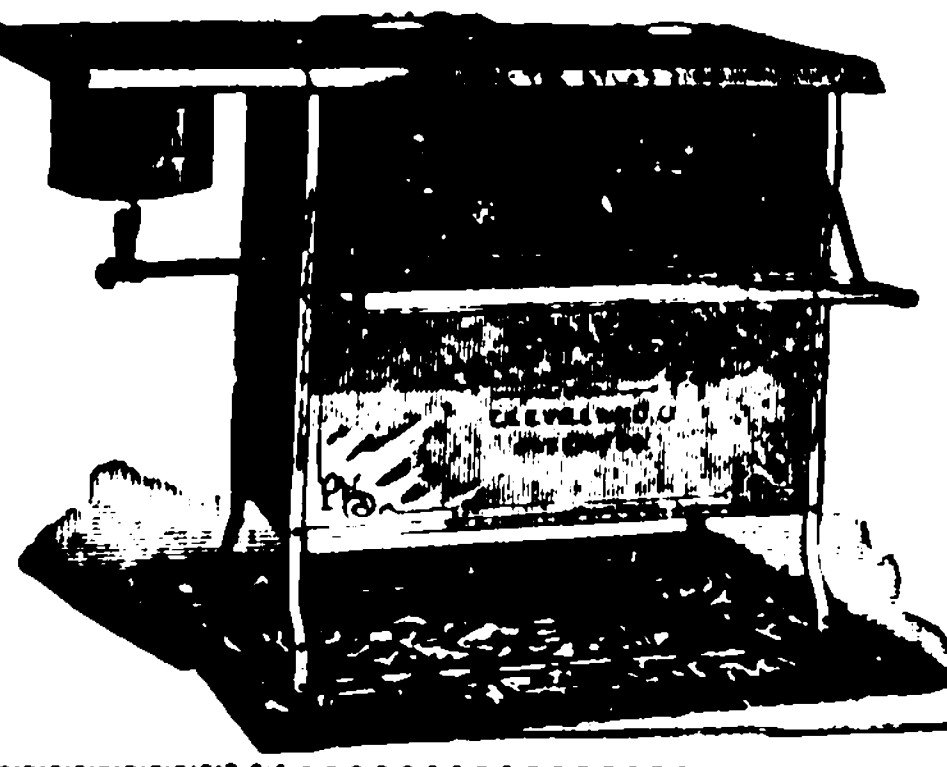
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Perfectly simple in construction; cannot get out of order; easily lighted or extinguished as a lamp. No stop cocks; no needles, valves, and no danger of leakage or overflow.

For Safety, Cleanliness, Simplicity, Durability, Efficiency and Economy it has no equal. Don't buy a cooking or heating stove until you see the "ATLAS." Circulars and further information on application to ATLAS MANUFACTURING CO., 261 Arcade Bldg., Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.



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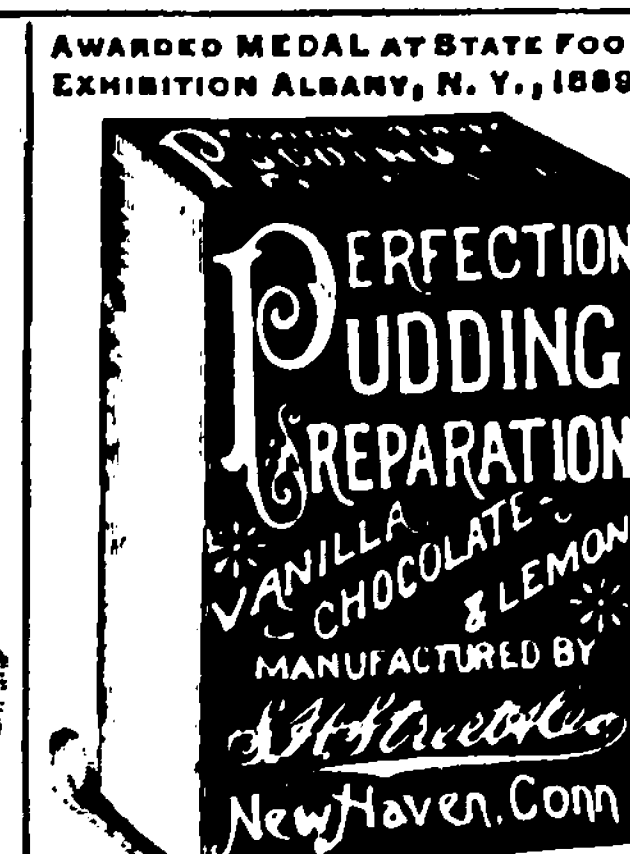
with perfect combustion. Burns a clear, blue alcohol flame in open air with no smoke or odor. Oil fed automatically on same principle as student lamp. Wick does not burn, only feeds oil to burning chamber. Double wall tank, secured at side away from accident. Gives greater heat at half the expense of any oil or gasoline stove made. Costs from one to two cents per day.

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Every Package Guaranteed and if not satisfactory may be returned to Grocer.

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We call attention to the novelty of its construction, it being composed of two sheets of paper with an interposed layer of water-proof bitumen or asphalt, the whole united under pressure, making a sanitary mildew-proof sheathing for the sides and floors of houses, that will last as long as the building upon which it is applied.

Experience has shown that the cheap papers commonly used for sheathing houses do not protect a building for any length of time, but soon mildew and fall to pieces, making the house drafty and damp; these defects can then only be remedied at great expense.

A Good Sheathing like the O. K. Building Paper, can be obtained at a trifling cost, and it is a waste of money to use an inferior article.

Put up in rolls 36 inches wide, containing 1,000 square feet.

SAMPLE, CIRCULAR AND PRICES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. MICA ROOFING CO., 73 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

The experts in Washington declare that it will take ten years or more to compile all of the data gathered for the census this year.

The little bronze Victoria cross is probably the proudest of all modern war decorations, observes the *New York World*. Its owners, counting living and dead, number only 450 persons.

For the first time in its history, states the *Commercial Advertiser*, the decennial appraisal of land values in Ohio shows a marked decrease in the worth of farm lands, approaching in some counties to thirty per cent.

The energetic manner in which Emperor Wilhelm is weeding old men out of the German army is shown by statistics. At the end of 1884 there were 3948 officers of the Prussian contingent in retirement; to-day there are 4672. Generals of infantry and cavalry have been remorselessly mown down.

Canadians are groaning over their increased mortgages. These are the official figures:

Year.	Amount.	Increase.
1885.....	\$78,775,243.....	\$4,660,107
1886.....	84,573,354.....	5,798,141
1887.....	86,901,363.....	2,327,979
1888.....	93,068,943.....	6,507,580
1889.....	98,725,041.....	5,257,093

The military draft in Italy in 1863 consisted of 162,326. Of this number 89,602 could read and write, 2954 could only read and 69,770 could neither read nor write. Comparing this proportion of educated men with that of the draft of 1885, the general state of education in Italy has advanced by 3.39 per cent. within the last three years. If this progress is continued for the next forty years, calculates the *Chicago Herald*, there will not be a man in that country without being able to read and write.

It appears that the recent tornado in Massachusetts was not the first of any considerable importance within memory in New England. The *New York News* chronicles that on August 9, 1878, there was a storm in Connecticut which swept away forty dwellings, fifty barns and other property, causing a loss of \$200,000. The official records show that thirty-four people were killed by that storm and seventy wounded. Since 1872 there have been fifty-seven destructive tornadoes in this country, causing a loss of 718 lives, 2073 persons having been injured, 3925 houses destroyed and the money losses aggregating \$12,470,000. This is a record frightful to contemplate; but tornadoes are something against which human foresight is worthless.

Says the *Chicago Mail*: Everybody knows that a "man's house is his castle," or, at least, everybody ought to. The sturdy old proverb of common law comes down to us from times as far back as the granting of the Magna Charta, if not further. But of late the full significance of all the rights implied in the saying, which is in reality an exemplification of good law, have not been recognized or respected as they should have been. "A man's house is his castle;" in it he is supposed to be safe; privacy is sacred in the eyes of civilization, and no individual has the right to violate the privacy of another; ergo, has not the right to enter his house without his consent for any purpose whatsoever. But the community, for the protection of itself, retains the right to violate the privacy of the individual, to take his person, property, or life if need be. But that right cannot be exerted without due process of law, without responsible official action, made necessary by the misdeed of the individual whose privacy is thus violated. The courts have so decided, and a fresh decision by Judge Collins has brought to notice the danger of violation of the principle: "A man's house is his castle." Officer John Mahoney went to the house of Thomas Bailey, and, without warrant, forcibly entered. Bailey shot him, as he had a perfect right to do, and the court acquitted him. Any citizen has a right to defend his privacy to whatever extent he may find necessary, save against recognized and accredited officers of the law with the official order of the community in the shape of a warrant to justify their intrusion. It's a good, healthy, sturdy old adage that "a man's house is his castle;" one of those upon the recognition of which by each individual rests the foundation of social organization, tribal, state, civic, or national association.

SONG OF GROWTH.

In the heart of a man
Is a thought unfurled:
Reached its full span
It shakes the world,
And to one high thought
Is a whole race wrought.
Not with vain noise
The great work grows,
Nor with foolish voice,
But in repose,—
Not in the rush,
But in the hush.
From cogent lash
Of the cloud-herd wind
The low clouds dash,
Blown headlong, blind;
But, beyond, the great blue
Looks moveless through.
O'er the loud world sweep
The scourge and the rod,
But in deep beyond deep
Is the stillness of God,—
At the Fountain of Life
No cry—no strife!

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in *The Century*.

A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

I was a medical student in Paris at the time the strange and startling adventure happened which I am about to record. Tired with long lectures and hard study, I was out one evening for a walk in the fresh air. It was a pleasant night in mid-winter, and the cold, bracing air, as it touched my feverish brow, caused a grateful sensation.

Passing through a rather lonely street near the river, I was surprised at meeting a young and pretty girl—at least she so appeared in the dim light of a rather distant street lamp—who carried in her hand some three or four bouquets, which she offered for sale.

"Will monsieur have a bouquet?" she asked, in a sweet, musical tone, holding out to me a well-arranged collection of beautiful flowers.

"They are very pretty," said I, taking them in my hand; and then, somehow, I could not help adding, as I fixed my eyes upon hers, "And so, I think, is their fair owner."

"Monsieur will purchase and assist me?" she said.

"Do you, then, really need assistance, mademoiselle?"

"Why else should I be here at this hour of the night, monsieur?"

"And why here at all?" quickly returned I. "This street is little frequented, and is about the last in the world I should have selected for disposing of a luxury most suited to wealth and fashion."

She sighed and reached out her hand for the bouquet, which I still retained.

"What is your price?" said I.

"Five francs?"

"A large sum."

"Monsieur will remember it is winter, and flowers are not plentiful."

"To aid you I will purchase," returned I, handing her the requisite silver coin; "for, though I love flowers, I would otherwise hardly indulge in the luxury to-night at such an expense."

She thanked me, and seemed about to pass on, but hesitated, looked up at me and said:

"Could monsieur direct me to the house of a good physician, who would turn out to-night and see a patient for a small recompense?"

"Any friend of yours ill?"

"My mother!" with a deep sigh and downcast look.

"Where does she reside?"

"Only a short distance from here."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She has a high fever, for one thing."

"When was she taken?"

"She came down last night, and has not left her bed since."

"Why did you not send for a doctor once?"

"We hoped she would get better soon, and it is so expensive for poor people to employ a physician."

"I am myself a medical student, with considerable experience among the sick of the hospitals, and if you are disposed to trust the case to me, I am at your service without charge," I rejoined, already feeling deeply interested in the fair girl.

"Oh, how shall I thank monsieur?" she exclaimed, with clasped hands, and an upward, grateful look. "Pray, follow me, Monsieur le Docteur."

She turned at once and moved off at a rapid pace down the street toward the River Seine in the direction I was walking when we met.

In less than five minutes we had entered a wretched quarter, among narrow streets, old, tottering buildings, and squalid looking inhabitants, some of whom seemed to glare at us as we passed along.

"Is it much further?" inquired I, beginning to feel uneasy.

"Only a step, monsieur. It is just here."

Almost immediately she turned into a covered passage, which led in back among habitations that I should never have voluntarily visited in the broad light of day. A distant lamp just served to make the gloom visible, till she suddenly stopped and opened a door into total darkness.

"Your hand, Monsieur le Docteur," she said, at the same time taking it and leading me forward.

I was tempted to draw back and refuse to go any further, though I mechanically followed her.

We now went through a long, narrow passage, in total darkness, and, after two

or three short turns, began to descend a flight of creaking stairs.

"Is it possible you live in a place like this?" said I, secretly wishing myself safely out of it.

"In Paris beggars cannot be choosers," replied the girl.

"But even in Paris it is not necessary for the living to take up their abodes in sepulchers," I rejoined with some asperity, being vexed at myself for suffering my good nature to lead me into a den from which I might never come out alive.

To this my fair guide deigned no reply. On reaching the foot of the stairs she pushed open a door, into a small dimly lighted room, and I followed her into it with some secret misgivings. There was a bed in one corner, and on it appeared to be a human form, lying very still.

"I have brought a doctor, mother," said the girl as she closed the door behind me.

As there was no reply to this she turned to me, saying:

"Will Monsieur le Docteur please be seated a minute? 'I think mother is asleep.'"

"I beg mademoiselle will bear in mind that I can only spare a few moments to this case to-night, as I have another call I wish to make immediately, I returned, feeling very anxious to depart from the subterranean quarter as soon as possible.

"Monsieur shall not be detained long by me," rejoined the girl, passing out of the room by another door.

I did not sit down, but walked over to the bed, where the patient was lying very still—so still, indeed, that I could not detect any breathing. A woman's cap was on the head, and the end of a sheet concealed the face. I ventured to turn this down carefully, and beheld the eyes sockets and grinning teeth of a human skull.

I started back in horror, and at the same moment the door by which the girl had left was thrown open, and in marched, one after the other, four tall human figures in black gowns and masks. I knew at once, then, that I was to be robbed, and probably murdered. I wore a heavy diamond pin and ring, carried a valuable gold watch, and had in money about my person some 500 francs, but not a single weapon of any kind. Resistance being therefore out of the question, I felt that my only chance—if indeed there was a chance—was to conciliate the ruffians and buy myself off. With a presence of mind for which I still take to myself considerable credit, I said at once:

"I understand it all, gentlemen, and you will find me a very liberal person to deal with. There is one thing I value very highly, because it is the only one I have, and I can not replace it—that is my life. Everything else of mine is at your service, even beyond what I have with me."

They were undoubtedly surprised to hear me speak in that cool, off-hand manner, but they marched forward and surrounded me before either returned a word.

"How much have you with you then?" inquired one in a civil way, but in a low, gruff tone.

I immediately mentioned the different articles of value, and the exact amount of money.

"All of which I shall be pleased to present you with, if one of you will be kind enough to escort me to the street above," I asked.

"You said you had more, monsieur."

"Yes, gentlemen, I have 10,000 francs in the Bank of France, and will willingly add a check for half that amount."

"Checks do not serve our purpose very well," said a second voice.

"Then I pledge you my honor that I will to-morrow draw out 5000 francs and pay the amount over to any person who may approach me with this bouquet in his hand," said I, holding out the flowers I had purchased of the fair decoy.

"And have him arrested the next minute, I suppose."

"No, on my honor he shall depart unharmed and unquestioned; and no other human being shall be informed of the transaction for a week, a month or a year."

"Let us first handle what you have here," said the first speaker.

I immediately took out my pin, took off my ring, drew out my watch, produced my pocket-book and purse and placed them all in his extended hand.

"You make me a present of these now," he said.

"Yes, on condition that one of you will forthwith conduct me to the street," I replied.

"Monsieur is a very liberal gentleman, eh, comrades?" said the mask, turning to the others.

"A very liberal gentleman, indeed!" was the response.

Then they drew off together, scrutinized the articles by the light of a smoky lamp, and conversed together in low tones. I felt that they were holding a consultation that involved my life, and to speak the honest truth, it seemed as if every nerve in me quivered, and it was with difficulty I could stand.

At length the principal spokesman turned to me and said, in a very cool and methodical manner:

"Monsieur has acted more like a gentleman than any other person we ever had dealings with, and if we could, consistent with our business, oblige him, we should be happy to do so; but unfortunately we are governed by a rule, which is a law with us, that 'dead men tell no tales,' and we think it will not do to make an exception in this case. We will, however, in consideration of Mon-

sieur's gentlemanly behavior, be as mild and lenient as possible in doing our duty, and grant Monsieur five minutes for saying his prayers."

"You have, then, resolved to murder me?" I asked.

"Monsieur uses a very harsh term, but we will let that pass. You have five minutes yet to live by that watch."

The villain then held my watch to the light, and I felt indeed that my minutes were numbered.

A death-like silence then reigned in that gloomy apartment for some time, and then one of the ruffians bent downward and lifted a trap-door, and from the dark pit below issued a noisome smell. I beheld my intended grave, and shuddered and shook like an aspen.

But why stand there and die like a dog, without a single attempt at escape? At the worst it could be but death, and there was a bare possibility that I might get away. I fixed my eyes on the door which opened upon the stairway, and with a single sudden bound reached it, but found it fast locked. Then, as the hands of the ruffians seized me, with murderous intent, I uttered a wild shriek, the door was burst in with a loud crash, and in a moment the room was filled with gendarmes. I saw that I was saved, and fainted and fell.

The four masks, the fair decoy and some two or three others concerned in that murderous den were all secured that night, and I subsequently had the pleasure of giving my evidence against them and seeing them all condemned to the galleys for life.

The place had been for some time suspected and the decoy marked. On that night a detective had secretly followed the girl and myself, and, after ascertaining whither she had conducted me, had hastened to bring a body of gendarmes to the place. The delay of the ruffians in their murderous design had been just sufficient to save me. I scarcely need add that I never again volunteered to accompany a distressed damsel on a secret adventure while I remained in Paris.

An Empress and Her Five Boys.

A correspondent describes the daily life of the German Empress and the five little Princes at Sassnitz, where they have been staying. Every day schools and other institutions in the neighborhood make trips to Sassnitz to see the Empress and her boys, and there are plenty of opportunities for doing so, for the Empress is as fond of being on the water as the Emperor himself. The Empress has already been several times on the beach, together with the Princes; the four elder boys wear blue sailor suits and straw hats with long ribbons. Prince Oscar, the youngest, who is dressed all in white, is carried about by the nurse. The Princes climb about among the stones, trying to find curious stones or other treasures of the deep. The Empress herself takes part in this search as well as in the other amusements of the Princes on the beach. The thoughtful kindness of the Empress was shown in a little incident which occurred a few days ago. She had come down to the beach with her four sons—the Crown Prince had remained at home for lessons—and was sitting down under a fine old beech not far from the bathing place for gentlemen. The police would not let the gentlemen pass who were on their way to the cabins. When the Empress noticed that one of the latter was carrying a bathing towel she made inquiries, and was informed that some of the gentlemen were on their way to the bathing place. She got up at once and sent an apology to the would-be bathers to the effect that "she had not known it was the hour for bathing." The Princes were also called away, and Prince Eitel marched off whistling a merry tune. The Empress keeps to her habit of rising early, and the two eldest Princes take a hot sea bath every morning at eight o'clock. In a few days' time the Empress hopes also to begin sea bathing. The costumes worn by the Empress are as simple as possible. As a rule, she wears a black woolen dress, a close fitting jacket and a large straw hat trimmed with black ribbon.

Tired of Making His "Mark."

James Robinson, tall, robust, with a sandy complexion and forty years of age, has spent almost his entire life mining in the mountains of the West. Two months ago he went to Kansas City, Mo., from Phoenix, Arizona. He could neither read nor write. During the past eight years he has been engaged in the transaction of business involving the buying and selling of mines, through which he has been placed in comfortable circumstances financially. His "mark" had been attached to deeds and contracts so often that he was brought to realize the necessity of an education. Hence his presence in Kansas City. Mr. Robinson has applied himself assiduously under the direction of a private tutor and can now read and write. He says he will remain another month in Kansas City and then return to Arizona to look after his mining interests. After the lapse of a few weeks he will return to pursue his educational course. In three years' time he expects to have a good business education, supplemented with the embellishments of literature.—*Chicago Herald*.

Bookkeeper—"Excuse me, please, my nephew died three days ago." Employer (who is somewhat familiar with the little game)—"All right, Mr. Culpepper, you may attend the funeral. Died, as usual, on first base, I suppose?"—*Dry Goods Chronicle*.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

BRIGHTENING GILT FRAMES.

Gilt picture frames may be brightened by taking sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to about one and one-half pints of water, and in this boil four or five bruised onions or garlic, which will answer the same purpose. Strain off this liquid, and with it, when cold, wash with a soft brush any gilding which requires renewing, and when dry it will come out bright as new.—*New York Telegram*.

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To prevent oil colors from spreading in painting upon silk or satin, different preparations are used. White shellac dissolved in alcohol is good. First, trace the design, then cover the surface to be painted with this medium. Another method is to outline the design with Japan varnish before applying the paint. Moisten the brush with turpentine and paint over but not beyond the outline. It is a good plan to squeeze the paint upon a piece of blotting-paper, instead of the palette ordinarily used. The blotting-paper will absorb much of the oil, and if the paints are thinned with turpentine they may often be used without any preparation upon the fabric. On heavy satin there is little danger of the oil spreading beyond the design.—*New York World*.

TEA MAKING.

In preparing tea, the water to be used should never be poured directly from the kitchen kettle into the urn. It should be cold, fresh water, brought absolutely to the boiling point. The tea used will, of course, differ according to taste, but none is better for the purpose than the best English breakfast. The leaves must be placed in the pot in the proportion of a heaping teaspoonful to each person. Upon these leaves pour a small quantity of boiling water; never use all of the latter needed at once, as a sudden rush will certainly "drown" the tea. Now pull the cosy over the teapot and allow the contents to draw a few moments, when you will have the best infusion possible; repeat this process as many times as needed; after using the first potfull and filling once more with boiling water, the tea loses its strength and flavor. Boiled tea is hurtful, and breakfast tea should never be steeped upon the stove. It will not often be necessary to strain, where these directions are followed, but the sudden addition of water floats the leaves, which do not again settle.—*Half's Journal of Health*.

BEWARE OF CHEMICAL FRUIT POWDERS!

The attention of farm housewives and other housekeepers is also drawn to the use of the pernicious substance which is the basis of the fruit powders used for the preservation of fruits and vegetables. Health is the greatest blessing if only for its personal relation. But when the health of young children is under the care of the mothers, the greatest circumspection should prevail in the use of all chemical preparations used in housekeeping. Nothing noxious under the guise of household compounds, whether for preserving or cooking, inclusive of baking powders, should be accepted blindly or without knowing of what they are composed. It is an excellent part of the education of young women that hygiene, and at least some knowledge of domestic chemistry, are taught in good schools, and every mother should take care that her daughters should acquire this indispensable accomplishment before they begin housekeeping for themselves. Rural schools especially should be conducted upon the high principle, and should be made as effective means of instruction as those of the cities and large towns.—*New York Times*.

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Raspberry Vinegar—To four quarts red raspberries, put enough vinegar to cover, and let them stand twenty-four hours; scald and strain it; add a pound of sugar to one pint of juice; boil it twenty minutes, and bottle; it is then ready for use, and will keep years. To one glass of water add a great spoonful. It is much relished by the sick. Very nice.

Baked Veal Cutlet—Remove all skin from the edge, wash and wipe dry, sprinkle with salt and pepper, place a sheet of white paper in the bottom of a shallow baking tin, butter it well, lay the meat on it, place bits of butter on top of the meat and very thin slices of onion, place in a moderate oven, baste frequently with butter, bake until a nice brown; remove from the pan, place on a hot platter, pour over it a little tomato sauce and garnish with sliced lemon.

Salmon Salad—Take two onions cut fine, a small carrot, a small head of celery, half a cupful of parsley cut fine, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of prepared mustard; let them simmer fifteen minutes in just water enough to prevent scorching, then add one cupful of vinegar, one cupful of water, salt, a pinch of cloves, and a little cayenne, and the fish; simmer half an hour, then remove from the fire, and let the salmon remain in the dressing until perfectly cold, then serve with lettuce and some of the dressing strained through a fine sieve.

The experts in Washington declare that it will take ten years or more to compile all of the data gathered for the census this year.

The little bronze Victoria cross is probably the proudest of all modern war decorations, observes the *New York World*. Its owners, counting living and dead, number only 450 persons.

For the first time in its history, states the *Commercial Advertiser*, the decennial appraisement of land values in Ohio shows a marked decrease in the worth of farm lands, approaching in some counties to thirty per cent.

The energetic manner in which Emperor Wilhelm is weeding old men out of the German army is shown by statistics. At the end of 1884 there were 3948 officers of the Prussian contingent in retirement; to-day there are 4672. Generals of infantry and cavalry have been remorselessly mown down.

Canadians are groaning over their increased mortgages. These are the official figures:

Year.	Amount.	Increase.
1885.....	\$78,775,243.....	\$4,060,107
1886.....	84,573,384.....	5,798,141
1887.....	86,901,903.....	2,327,519
1888.....	93,068,943.....	6,507,580
1889.....	98,726,041.....	5,257,098

The military draft in Italy in 1863 consisted of 162,326. Of this number 89,602 could read and write, 2954 could only read and 69,770 could neither read nor write. Comparing this proportion of educated men with that of the draft of 1885, the general state of education in Italy has advanced by 3.89 per cent. within the last three years. If this progress is continued for the next forty years, calculates the *Chicago Herald*, there will not be a man in that country without being able to read and write.

It appears that the recent tornado in Massachusetts was not the first of any considerable importance within memory in New England. The *New York News* chronicles that on August 9, 1878, there was a storm in Connecticut which swept away forty dwellings, fifty barns and other property, causing a loss of \$200,000. The official records show that thirty-four people were killed by that storm and seventy wounded. Since 1872 there have been fifty-seven destructive tornadoes in this country, causing a loss of 718 lives, 2078 persons having been injured, 3925 houses destroyed and the money losses aggregating \$12,470,000. This is a record frightful to contemplate; but tornadoes are something against which human foresight is worthless.

Says the *Chicago Mail*: Everybody knows that a "man's house is his castle," or, at least, everybody ought to. The sturdy old proverb of common law comes down to us from times as far back as the granting of the Magna Charta, if not further. But of late the full significance of all the rights implied in the saying, which is in reality an exemplification of good law, have not been recognized or respected as they should have been. "A man's house is his castle," in it he is supposed to be safe; privacy is sacred in the eyes of civilization, and no individual has the right to violate the privacy of another; ergo, has not the right to enter his house without his consent for any purpose whatsoever. But the community, for the protection of itself, retains the right to violate the privacy of the individual, to take his person, property, or life if need be. But that right cannot be exerted without due process of law, without responsible official action, made necessary by the misdeed of the individual whose privacy is thus violated. The courts have so decided, and a fresh decision by Judge Collins has brought to notice the danger of violation of the principle: "A man's house is his castle." Officer John Mahoney went to the house of Thomas Bailey, and, without warrant, forcibly entered. Bailey shot him, as he had a perfect right to do, and the court acquitted him. Any citizen has a right to defend his privacy to whatever extent he may find necessary, save against recognized and accredited officers of the law with the official order of the community in the shape of a warrant to justify their intrusion. It's a good, healthy, sturdy old adage that "a man's house is his castle;" one of those upon the recognition of which by each individual rests the foundation of social organization, tribal, state, civic, or national association.

A SONG OF GROWTH.

In the heart of a man
Is a thought unfurled:
Reached its full span
It shakes the world,
And to one high thought
Is a whole race wrought.
Not with vain noise
The great work grows,
Nor with foolish voice,
But in repose,—
Not in the rush,
But in the hush.
From cogent lash
Of the cloud-herd wind
The low clouds dash,
Blown headlong, blind;
But, beyond, the great blue
Looks moveless through.
O'er the loud world sweep
The scourge and the rod,
But in deep beyond
Is the stillness of God,—
At the Fountain of Life
No cry—no strife!

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in *The Century*.

A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

I was a medical student in Paris at the time the strange and startling adventure happened which I am about to record. Tired with long lectures and hard study, I was out one evening for a walk in the fresh air. It was a pleasant night in mid-winter, and the cold, bracing air, as it touched my feverish brow, caused a grateful sensation.

Passing through a rather lonely street near the river, I was surprised at meeting a young and pretty girl—at least she so appeared in the dim light of a rather distant street lamp—who carried in her hand some three or four bouquets, which she offered for sale.

"Will monsieur have a bouquet?" she asked, in a sweet, musical tone, holding out to me a well-arranged collection of beautiful flowers.

"They are very pretty," said I, taking them in my hand; and then, somehow, I could not help adding, as I fixed my eyes upon hers, "And so, I think, is their fair owner."

"Monsieur will purchase and assist me?" she said.

"Do you, then, really need assistance, mademoiselle?"

"Why else should I be here at this hour of the night, monsieur?"

"And why here at all?" quickly returned I. "This street is little frequented, and is about the last in the world I should have selected for disposing of a luxury most suited to wealth and fashion."

She sighed and reached out her hand for the bouquet, which I still retained.

"What is your price?" said I.

"Five francs?"

"A large sum."

"Monsieur will remember it is winter, and flowers are not plentiful."

"To aid you I will purchase," returned I, handing her the requisite silver coin; "for, though I love flowers, I would otherwise hardly indulge in the luxury to-night at such an expense."

She thanked me, and seemed about to pass on, but hesitated, looked up at me and said:

"Could monsieur direct me to the house of a good physician, who would turn out to-night and see a patient for a small recompense?"

"Any friend of yours ill?"

"My mother!" with a deep sigh and downcast look.

"Where does she reside?"

"Only a short distance from here."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She has a high fever, for one thing."

"When was she taken?"

"She came down last night, and has not left her bed since."

"Why did you not send for a doctor once?"

"We hoped she would get better soon, and it is so expensive for poor people to employ a physician."

"I am myself a medical student, with considerable experience among the sick of the hospitals, and if you are disposed to trust the case to me, I am at your service without charge." I rejoined, already feeling deeply interested in the fair girl.

"Oh, how shall I thank monsieur?" she exclaimed, with clasped hands, and an upward, grateful look. "Pray, follow me, Monsieur le Docteur."

She turned at once and moved off at a rapid pace down the street toward the River Seine in the direction I was walking when we met.

In less than five minutes we had entered a wretched quarter, among narrow streets, old, tottering buildings, and squalid looking inhabitants, some of whom seemed to glare at us as we passed along.

"Is it much further?" inquired I, beginning to feel uneasy.

"Only a step, monsieur. It is just here."

Almost immediately she turned into a covered passage, which led in back among habitations that I should never have voluntarily visited in the broad light of day. A distant lamp just served to make the gloom visible, till she suddenly stopped and opened a door into total darkness.

"Your hand, Monsieur le Docteur," she said, at the same time taking it and leading me forward.

I was tempted to draw back and refuse to go any further, though I mechanically followed her.

We now went through a long, narrow passage, in total darkness, and, after two

or three short turns, began to descend a flight of creaking stairs.

"Is it possible you live in a place like this?" said I, secretly wishing myself safely out of it.

"In Paris beggars cannot be choosers," replied the girl.

"But even in Paris it is not necessary for the living to take up their abodes in sepulchers," I rejoined with some asperity, being vexed at myself for suffering my good nature to lead me into a den from which I might never come out alive.

To this my fair guide deigned no reply. On reaching the foot of the stairs she pushed open a door, into a small dimly lighted room, and I followed her into it with some secret misgivings. There was a bed in one corner, and on it appeared to be a human form, lying very still.

"I have brought a doctor, mother," said the girl as she closed the door behind me.

As there was no reply to this she turned to me, saying:

"Will Monsieur le Docteur please be seated a minute? 'I think mother is asleep.'"

"I beg mademoiselle will bear in mind that I can only spare a few moments to this case to-night, as I have another call I wish to make immediately, I returned, feeling very anxious to depart from the subterranean quarter as soon as possible.

"Monsieur shall not be detained long by me," rejoined the girl, passing out of the room by another door.

I did not sit down, but walked over to the bed, where the patient was lying very still—so still, indeed, that I could not detect any breathing. A woman's cap was on the head, and the end of a sheet concealed the face. I ventured to turn this down carefully, and beheld the eyeless sockets and grinning teeth of a human skull.

I started back in horror, and at the same moment the door by which the girl had left was thrown open, and in marched, one after the other, four tall human figures in black gowns and masks.

I knew at once, then, that I was to be robbed, and probably murdered. I wore a heavy diamond pin and ring, carried a valuable gold watch, and had in money about my person some 500 francs, but not a single weapon of any kind.

Resistance being therefore out of the question, I felt that my only chance—if indeed there was a chance—was to conciliate the ruffians and buy myself off. With a presence of mind for which I still take to myself considerable credit, I said at once:

"I understand it all, gentlemen, and you will find me a very liberal person to deal with. There is one thing I value very highly, because it is the only one I have, and I can not replace it—that is my life. Everything else of mine is at your service, even beyond what I have with me."

They were undoubtedly surprised to hear me speak in that cool, off-hand manner, but they marched forward and surrounded me before either returned a word.

"How much have you with you then?" inquired one in a civil way, but in a low, gruff tone.

I immediately mentioned the different articles of value, and the exact amount of money.

"All of which I shall be pleased to present you with, if one of you will be kind enough to escort me to the street above," I asked.

"You said you had more, monsieur."

"Yes, gentlemen, I have 10,000 francs in the Bank of France, and will willingly add a check for half that amount."

"Checks do not serve our purpose very well," said a second voice.

"Then I pledge you my honor that I will to-morrow draw out 5000 francs and pay the amount over to any person who may approach me with this bouquet in his hand," said I, holding out the flowers I had purchased of the fair decoy.

"And have him arrested the next minute, I suppose."

"No, on my honor he shall depart unharmed and unquestioned; and no other human being shall be informed of the transaction for a week, a month or a year."

"Let us first handle what you have here," said the first speaker.

I immediately took out my pin, took off my ring, drew out my watch, produced my pocket-book and purse and placed them all in his extended hand.

"You make me a present of these now," he said.

"Yes, on condition that one of you will forthwith conduct me to the street," I replied.

"Monsieur is a very liberal gentleman, eh, comrades?" said the mask, turning to the others.

"A very liberal gentleman, indeed!" was the response.

Then they drew off together, scrutinized the articles by the light of a smoky lamp, and conversed together in low tones. I felt that they were holding a consultation that involved my life, and to speak the honest truth, it seemed as if every nerve in me quivered, and it was with difficulty I could stand.

At length the principal spokesman turned to me and said, in a very cool and methodical manner:

"Monsieur has acted more like a gentleman than any other person we ever had dealings with, and if we could, consistent with our business, oblige him, we should be happy to do so; but unfortunately we are governed by a rule, which is a law with us, that 'dead men tell no tales,' and we think it will not do to make an exception in this case. We will, however, in consideration of Mon-

sieur's gentlemanly behavior, be as mild and lenient as possible in doing our duty, and grant Monsieur five minutes for saying his prayers."

"You have, then, resolved to murder me!" I asked.

"Monsieur uses a very harsh term, but we will let that pass. You have five minutes yet to live by that watch."

The villain then held my watch to the light, and I felt indeed that my minutes were numbered.

A death-like silence then reigned in that gloomy apartment for some time, and then one of the ruffians bent downward and lifted a trap-door, and from the dark pit below issued a noisome smell. I beheld my intended grave, and shuddered and shook like an aspen.

But why stand there and die like a dog, without a single attempt at escape? At the worst it could be but death, and there was a bare possibility that I might get away. I fixed my eyes on the door which opened upon the stairway, and with a single sudden bound reached it, but found it fast locked. Then, as the hands of the ruffians seized me, with murderous intent, I uttered a wild shriek, the door was burst in with a loud crash, and in a moment the room was filled with gendarmes. I saw that I was saved, and fainted and fell.

The four masks, the fair decoy and some two or three others concerned it that murderous den were all secured that night, and I subsequently had the pleasure of giving my evidence against them and seeing them all condemned to the galleys for life.

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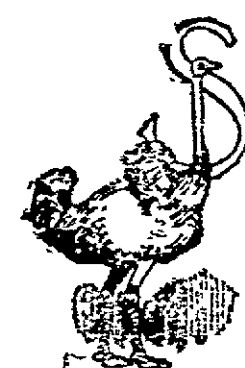
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AN OSTRICH RANCH.

RAISING THE QUEER BIRD IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

He Fights Like a Wild Cat if His Home is Invaded—Harmless With a Stocking Over His Head—Plucking the Feathers.



AYS a Santa Ana (Cal.) letter to the New York World: On the sloping side of a foothill in the San Bernardino range of mountains, in Southern California, is the queerest little ranch in all the Golden State. A high fence of hemlock planking, with every crack stopped up, massive, iron bound gates, of the same heavy material, and a little frame house occupied by two sturdy and determined looking men, guard the secrets of that odd looking inclosure on the side of the little mountain.

To the sightseer or casual visitor who passes the great plank inclosed fields, an array of moving heads, with bulging eyes and gaping mouths of immense size, convey very little idea of what sort of stock is being reared there. These heads, numbering dozens and even scores at times, seem to be lifted up out of nothingness, poked high into the air and lunged swiftly over the top of the plank fence in the direction of the visitor. A sharp hiss emitted just as the glaring eyes and wide-open mouth come into sight might prove a very effective object lesson to a hard drinker.

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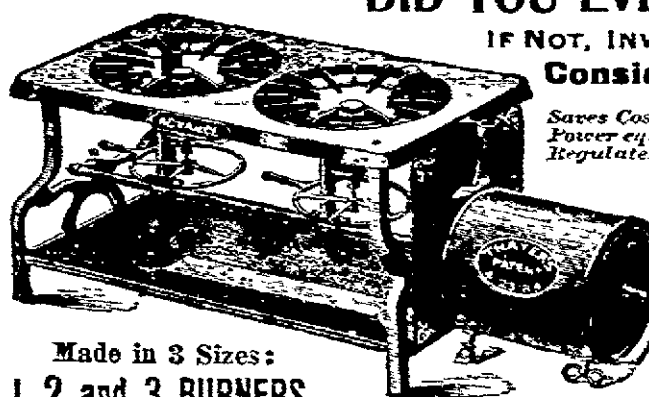
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Made in 3 Sizes: 1, 2 and 3 BURNERS.

Saves Cost over Wood or Coal each year. Power equal to Coal Range. Regulates instantly any degree of heat. Low Tank. Patent Pneumatic pressure. No odor or wicks to trim. Pure Flame, Perfect Combustion. Safe as Wood or Coal Stove. Explosion impossible. Will boil 3 qts. water in 7 minutes, and will do 3 times the work of any Oil Stove of equal cost. Will do cooking, baking, and roasting for family of 3 to 8 persons as quickly and perfectly as coal or wood stove, with no coal, ashes, litter, dust, smoke or kindlings. For simplicity, Convenience, and Rapidity of Work it stands without a rival.

The THAYER OVEN we make is a wonderful accompaniment to our Stove, Compact but immense capacity.

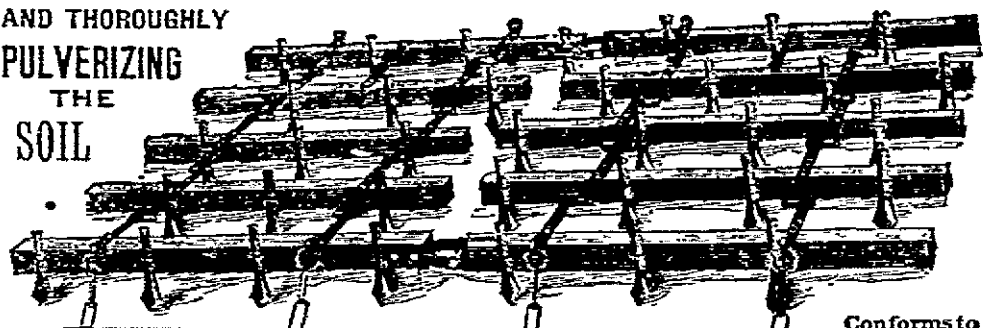
Thayer's Automatic Safety Can. Only absolutely Safe Can for filling Gasoline Stoves. An Invaluable Necessity.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS AND PRICES. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

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VIBRATOR HARROW.

TRIUMPHS OVER ALL COMPETITORS FOR SIMPLICITY, DURABILITY, AND THOROUGHLY PULVERIZING THE SOIL.



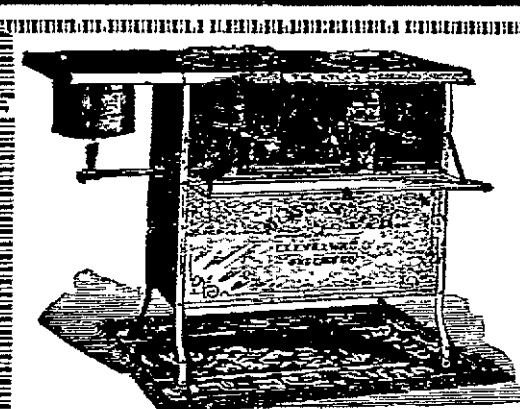
EACH BAR WORKS INDEPENDENTLY. Conforms to uneven surfaces, passes obstacles and frees itself from cornstalks etc., better than any Harrow made.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND PRICES. Its construction is unsurpassed; best seasoned oak and oil tempered Bessemer Steel Teeth. Adjustable with ordinary wrench to cut from 2 to 6 inches; adapted to all kinds of work and soils; can be drawn backwards for covering fine seed and smoothing ground.

VIBRATOR HARROW CO., NEW CASTLE, PA.

A PERFECT OIL STOVE.

"ATLAS" OIL STOVE is an entirely new departure from the old style oil stove, and superior in every respect to any ever placed upon the market.



ABSOLUTELY SAFE with perfect combustion. Burns a clear, blue alcohol flame in open air with no smoke or odor. Oil fed automatically on same principle as student lamp. Wick does not burn, only feeds oil to burning chamber. Double wall tank, secured at side away from accident. Gives greater heat at half the expense of any oil or gasoline stove made. Costs from one to two cents per day.

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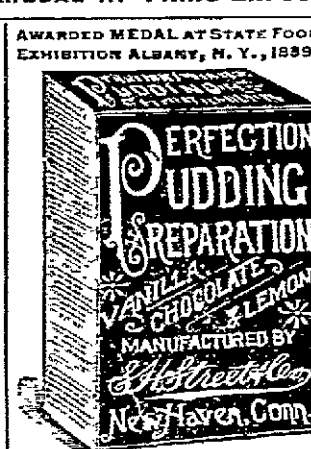
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AWARDED MEDAL AT PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.



MAKES best Griddle Cakes possible to produce



MAKES a Delicious and inexpensive Dessert.



MAKES Breakfast Gems or Muffins that cannot be excelled.

Every Package Guaranteed and if not satisfied, money may be returned to Grocer.

ABSOLUTELY WATER-PROOF



FOR SHEATHING HOUSES. We call attention to the novelty of its construction, it being composed of two sheets of paper with an interposed layer of water-proof bitumen or asphalt, the whole united under pressure, making a sanitary mildew-proof sheathing for the sides and floors of houses, that will last as long as the building upon which it is applied.

Experience has shown that the cheap papers commonly used for sheathing houses do not protect a building for any length of time, but soon mildew and fall to pieces, making the house drafty and damp; these defects can then only be remedied at great expense.

A Good Sheathing like the O. K. Building Paper, can be obtained at a trifling cost, and it is a waste of money to use an inferior article.

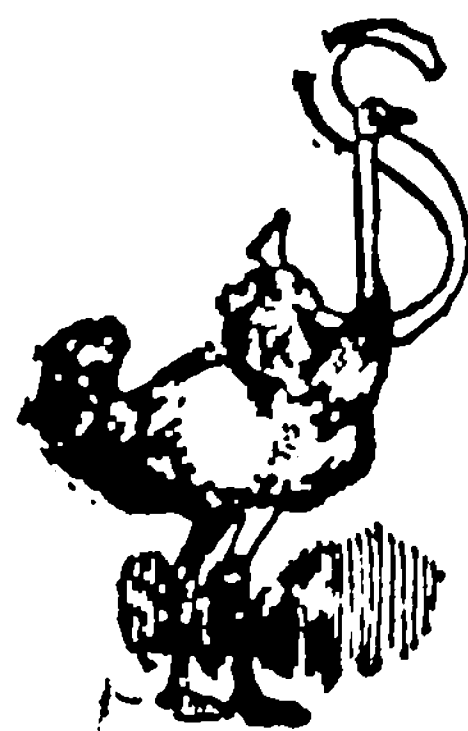
Put up in rolls 36 inches wide, containing 1,000 square feet.

SAMPLE, CIRCULAR AND PRICES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. MICA ROOFING CO., 73 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

AN OSTRICH RANCH.

RAISING THE QUEER BIRD IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

He Fights Like a Wild Cat if His Home is Invaded—Harmless With a Stocking Over His Head—Plucking the Feathers.



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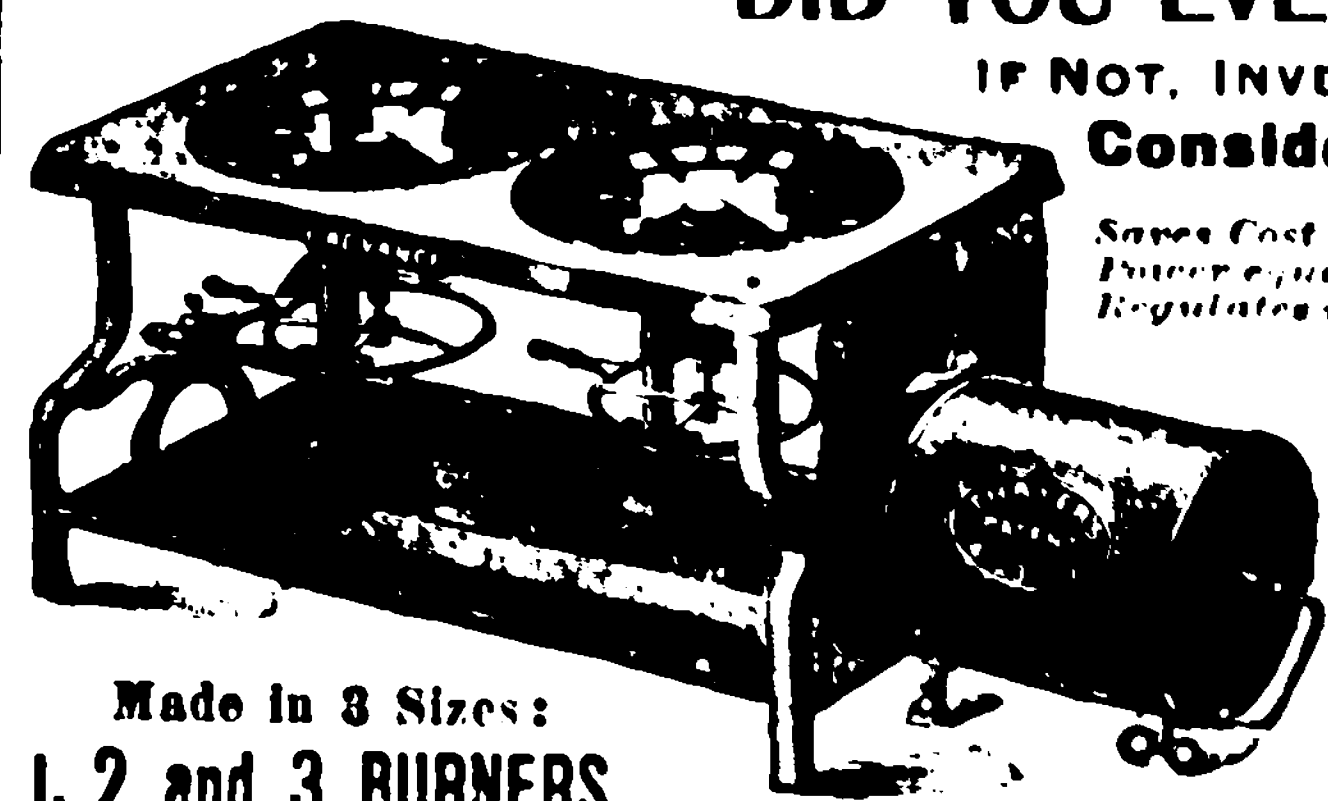
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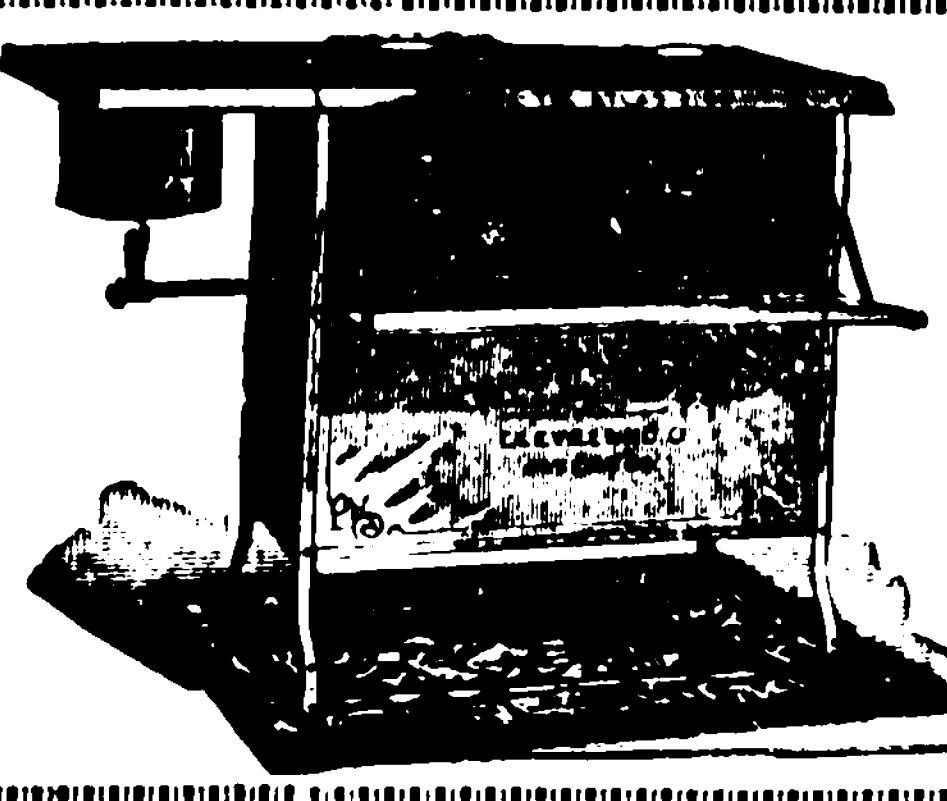
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Perfectly simple in construction; cannot get out of order; as easily lighted or extinguished as a lamp. No stop cocks; no needle valves, and no danger of leakage or overflow.

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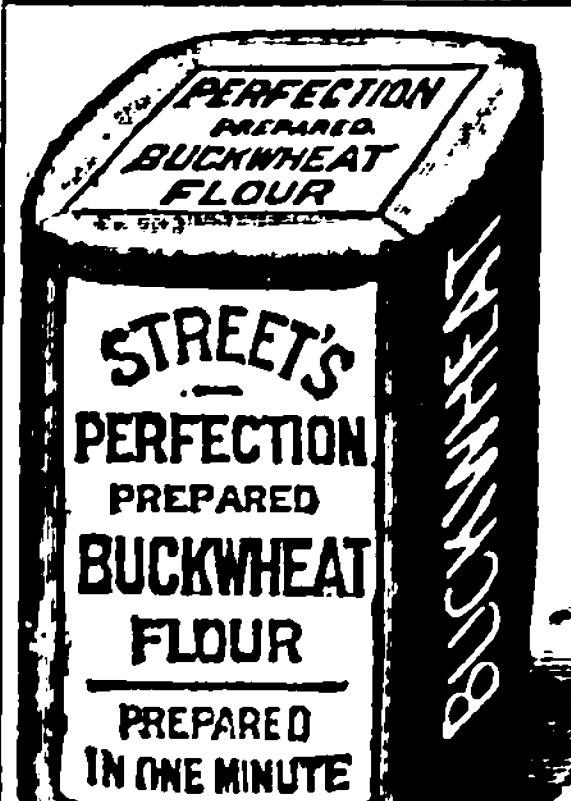
ABSOLUTELY

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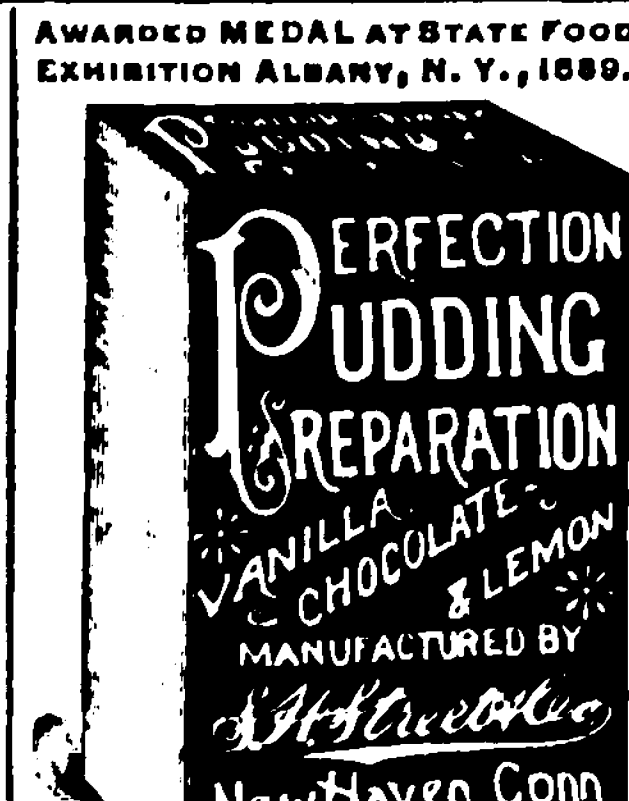
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STREET'S PERFECTION FOODS. New Haven, Conn.

AWARDED MEDAL AT PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.



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ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

Volume XII.

New Oxford, Pa., Friday, Sept. 26, 1890.

Number 11.

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J. L. BUTT.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of pauper building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, &c.; also, to conveying, liens and collections. 22mar89

J. A. KITZMILLER.

(Successor to H. B. Woods, Esq.) ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, has removed his office to the second story of Spangler's building, Baltimore street, Gettysburg, Pa., recently occupied by H. B. Woods, Esq. Will attend to collections and all other business entrusted to him.

S. MC. SWOPE.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, opposite the court house. 17-2-89

REMOVED.

WM. ARCH. MCLEAN.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on the first floor in the Schick property, southwest corner of the Diamond. 7nov81

G. J. BENNER.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office above G. W. Spangler's store, southeast corner of Square. 7nov81

CHAS. S. DUNCAN.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Will continue the practice of law at the office of his father, the late W. A. Duncan, on Baltimore street. All legal business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. 5mar85

JOHN M. KRAUTH.

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, south of Court House. 12dec85

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WM. P. QUIMBY.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams co., Pa. Office with Hon. David Wills, southeast corner of the Diamond. 12sept86

D. J. A. MELHORN.

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All kinds of Grave Work furnished as cheap as the cheapest, in the latest styles and of the best material. Monuments made a specialty. Persons wishing anything in line are invited to call and examine his samples before purchasing elsewhere. 24apr89.

Herbert Glatfelter, aged 19, was attacked by a vicious bull on a farm near Camp Hill, near Harrisburg, Thursday, and narrowly escaped with his life. He was about placing a chain about the bull's neck in the stall of the barn when the animal turned upon him, and catching him upon the horns, threw the young man into a trough in the rear of the stall.

This proved fortunate for Glatfelter, as the bull could not gore him in this position. The animal then attacked him with both feet, and trampled him until his clothing was torn into shreds. Glatfelter tried to get a knife out of his pocket, but was unable to do so. As a last resort, by almost superhuman effort, he succeeded in getting out of the trough and jumped upon the bull's back, and the animal dashed at full speed for the open door.

At the door Glatfelter jumped from the animal and seized a manure fork. The bull again turned upon him, but, seeing the fork, ran, and the young man with all his remaining strength threw the fork after him, which lodged in his hind quarter and he carried it in this way for fully one hundred feet. Meanwhile the young farmer, almost exhausted and ready to fall, staggered out of the barnyard and reached the house. He is seriously hurt but may recover.

An accident occurred on the Reading Railroad Friday evening, a passenger train being thrown into the river near Shoemakersville. The engineer, fireman, baggagemaster and eighteen or more passengers were killed and twenty-five were injured. The persons injured in the wreck were transferred to the Reading Hospital and were taken to their homes as rapidly as their condition would permit, and Sunday evening there were only six remaining in the institution. The scene of the wreck was visited by thousands of curiosity seekers. The damage to the track has all been repaired and trains are running as usual. Two curiosity seekers were run over. One was killed and the other is fatally injured. The coroner began an inquest Monday.

W. A. Collins, of Hagerstown, Md., while enroute from his home to Seattle, Washington, on the Milwaukee & St. Paul train, last Tuesday night fell off a sleeping car one mile north of the Western Union Junction and fractured his skull, broke his nose and injured himself internally. There are but slight chances for his recovery.

Mr. Collins was for many years one of the proprietors of the Pittsburg Chronicle and later editor of the Chronicle-Telegraph. He is a man of brilliant attainments and was recognized as one of the best editorial writers in that section.

A collision between a Burlington suburban train and an Illinois Central excursion train at Eighteenth street and Kedzie avenue, Chicago, Sunday night resulted in the death of five people and the serious injury of a dozen others. During the day the Illinois Central Road had an excursion to the end of their line, the Orphan Asylum at Addison, Ill., and it was this train which, while blocked in the outskirts of the city and waiting to be released, was crashed into by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy suburban.

A GREAT BATTLE is constantly going on in the human system when you suffer with consumption, cough or colds; they strive to ruin health and drag victims to the grave. Take timely warning and use Pan-Tina cough and consumption cure. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator is a sure cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion and all kidney complaints. Trial bottles free at Barnitz's drug store.

The board of managers of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Co. have decided to increase the salary of President and General Manager A. A. McLeod to \$40,000. This is said to be the largest paid to a railway official in the United States with the exception of Chauncey M. Depew, of the New York Central, who gets \$50,000.

The example of the Reading Judge who refused naturalization papers to an Austrian, who though a resident of this country for eight years, did not know whether the government was a monarchy or a republic, ought to be followed in all the courts. A man who does not know whether a king, queen or a president is at the head of our affairs, and who does not know even the name of the Governor of the State, is certainly not fit to become a citizen and voter. Too many such people are naturalized as it is, especially in New York city, where aliens who are barely familiar with the language are made citizens in droves for election purposes. Every man applying for citizenship should be required to intelligently answer questions regarding our methods of government, and prove his fitness by other qualifications than mere residence.

Joe Howard, the great New York journalist and philosopher, recently wrote the following words of truth: "How little the boys, or even men, of to-day know of the great figures of 1861 and 1865. Two millions and three-quarters of another million of soldiers were called out. Nearly 6,000 officers and over 90,000 soldiers were killed in absolute battle, while 2,400 officers and 183,000 soldiers died from diseases or accident. For what did these men fight? What did they get? In what estimation are they held to day by a generation that really knows no more about the Civil War of 1861 and 1865 than of the war of 1812, or that of the Revolution itself?"

Few well authenticated cases of extreme old age are found that compare with that of Mother Bennett, who lives near Greenville, Alabama, and whose age, by that best of witnesses, the family Bible, is 115 years. She did not unite with any church until in her 112th year, and was then immersed according to Baptist rites by a young minister scarcely 22 years of age. Still vigorous in mind and body she resides with one of her grandchildren, and two Sundays in every month walks three miles to church, following the hymns without the aid of glasses.

This country has but about one-twentieth of the world's population, but it consumes 28 per cent. of the world's crop of sugar, 30 per cent. of the world's production of coffee, nearly one-third of the world's production of iron, about one-third of the world's steel and copper, more than a quarter of the world's cotton and wool, a third of the India rubber of the world and more than half of the world's supply of tin and 40 percent of all the coal from the world's mines.

The steamer Rio Janeiro arrived at San Francisco last week from Hong Kong and Yokohama. She brings advices from China to Aug. 21 and Japanese advices to Aug. 29. The yellow River flood and other floods continue to absorb the attention in China. In the province of Chihli four million of people are homeless, and the misery in Shantung is almost as great. The cholera is prevalent in Shanghai and also in the northern districts. Several Europeans have succumbed to it.

At Portsmouth, N. H., Frederick H. J. Hein, a cooper aged 40 years, on Wednesday killed his two daughters and himself, and seriously wounded another daughter and Chas. W. Taylor, aged 35 years, a well-known hardware merchant, whose name had been connected with that of the murderer's wife. Hein had been separated from his wife, and determined to kill the entire family, the daughters being the subject of gossip. If the murderer had not killed himself he would have been lynched.

Mrs. Lena Smith, of Columbus, O., whose 16-year-old son was lately hanged, has gone crazy. On the night of the execution she wrote to the Governor: "Curse you, his murderers, and their descendants; may his shadow haunt you to the hour of your death! May all the tortures plague you which I have suffered all this time! This is my wish."

A strange phenomenon happened near Becketts Knob, Monroe county, last week, which rivals the Waldron, Indiana, natural gas explosion. Two women were engaged at washing clothes near a spring on the farm of James Fish. Suddenly an explosion took place and the earth for several miles around was shaken by its force. A series of minor explosions then occurred which rent the earth into deep chasms. Huge limestone rocks were hurled through the air for a considerable distance. The women were thrown to the ground by the shock, but beyond a few slight bruises they escaped uninjured. The explosion was caused by natural gas which caught fire from the burning wood beneath the boiling kettles flamed up, reaching a tremendous height, leaping from the chasm in the earth. The presence of natural gas was never suspected in that locality although canal coal is very abundant. The flames have subsided, but the people have not yet recovered from their superstitious fear.

Forty persons were poisoned at a marriage feast near Monongahela City, last Monday and not until Friday was the last of the forty unfortunates pronounced out of danger. W. G. Berryhill and Miss Margery McCarroll and the bride's father set out a feast for their friends in which canned fruit played a prominent part. There are only two physicians in the neighborhood and as the two score guests all became sick at the same time with symptoms of acid poisoning the trouble was traced to the canned fruit. Many of cases were serious, including the erstwhile happy pair, but all are now fairly recovered.

Miss May Conyngham of Stockton, Pa., was married on Monday last to Adolf Retsoi, a young Russian. The attentions of the young foreigner were opposed by the girl's father. By a preconcerted arrangement with her lover she feigned sickness, and as an invalid was given a daily drive in the mountains. Her improvements was at once noticeable, and daily drives continued up till Monday last, when a new driver, who proved to be Adolph, handled the reins. The pair drove to Hazleton, where they were married, and quietly left on a bridal tour. It now transpires that the indisposition of Miss Conyngham was induced by quinine and other drugs.

Emily Rossi, 19 years of age, committed suicide by shooting herself in the breast with a 32-calibre revolver in her room at No. 140 Canal street, N. Y. Immediately the report of the girl's pistol was heard, Gustave C. Koch, who stood on the elevated railroad platform almost under her room window, sent a bullet through his head. Both are Germans, and it looks as if the had agreed to die at or near the same moment.

O. L. Owens, a merchant of Manila, arrived at San Francisco last week. He says a terrible massacre occurred on August 10 in the town of Pomape, in the Caroline Islands. The Spanish soldiers were building a fortress on one side of the town and left in the fort a number of rifles. On August 8th the natives overpowered the guard, seized the guns and attacked the town, killing thirty-two Spaniards. Several Spanish men-of-war were sent from Manila to quell the disturbance.

The shipment of potatoes from northern townships of Berks and Lehigh counties has been resumed, and during the past three days the consignments to Philadelphia and New York have been unusually heavy. The crop is very large and no further danger of the potatoes rotting is feared.

A London dispatch says: Advices from Hiogo state that the Turkish man-of-war Ertogroul has foundered at Sol and that five hundred of her crew were drowned.

A woman at Hagerstown, Md., has a goose which came into her possession when she was married, twenty-one years ago. The fowl is in good health.

